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THE BYSTANDER September 28, 1938

The BYSTANDER

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 28—October 4

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CAN WE TELL?—Maurice Colbourne has produced this controversial play about a self-made industrialist, starring Edna Best and Jack Hawkins: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COMEDIENNE.—A brilliant virtuoso performance by Lilian Braithwaite as a temperamental actress, in Ivor Novello's play: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her shrewd protraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals between workers in a fortress; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOLDEN BOY.—First-class acting by a new all-American cast in Clifford Odets' vividly alive play about a young violinist-boxer: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed. 2.30.

HENRY V.—Ivor Novello as Henry is the best of an indifferent cast in a grandiose production: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Lee Tracy, Tamara Geva, with excellent support; Apollo 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE LAST TRUMP.—An end of the world theme by James Bridie provides good lines and good portraits for Seymour Hicks as a hard financier, Hazel Terry as a hard girl, Cecil Trouncer as (usual) a doctor: Duke of York's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SHE TOO WAS YOUNG.—Impeccable period (1870) atmosphere and sympathetic parts for Esmé Percy, Marie Ney, Edmund Gwenn, Dorothy Hyson, Ann Todd in a quiet emotional story: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THOU SHALT NOT.—An English version of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, with Nancy Price in the chief part: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—A charming production of Bridie's joyful play; Romney Brent as Tobias, Robert Eddison as the Angel, Edana Romney and Eliot Makeham: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS.—Sophie Stewart, O. B. Clarence, André Morell, and Anthony Quayle in a competent production of Pinero's play: Old Vic, 8 (not Mons.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Robert Speaight as Ulysses and Robert Harris as Troilus, in a modern dress production: Westminster, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

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With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and

"Folies Superbes"

Denas and Dubins dance in the dinner-show at the London Casino. Following his new policy, Clifford C. Fischer presents two different but equally glamorous cabarets each night

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PAPRIKA.—Barbara Bory does her best to be a fiery gipsy at the head of a number of stock characters in a stock plot; good music and décor: His Majesty's, 8.15 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 109.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WILD OATS.—Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe, and Vera Pearce win and spend a football pool; unpretentious and very funny: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Palladium (6.25 and 9; Wed., Thurs., 2.30); and the Prince of Wales' (2.0.–11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—This second-hand title covers the Crazy Gang's new frolic: Palladium, Wed., 28th.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The first of Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon's musical period pieces, set in Italy, stars Frederick Ranalow and Eirene Eisinger: Kingsway, Thurs., 29th.

ON BORROWED TIME.—Ian Hay has adapted from Paul Osborn's play from L. E. Watson's novel; a whimsical allegory: Haymarket, Thurs., 29th.

CINEMAS

ABUS DE CONFIANCE (French).—Henri Decoin directed his wife, Danielle Darrieux, and Charles Vanel in this: Studio One.

ALGIERS (American).—Hollywood's version of *Pépé le Moko* is lavishly done, with Charles Boyer as Pépé, Sigrid Gurie as his native sweetheart, Hedy Lamarr as the Parisienne: Odeon.

ALWAYS GOODBYE (American).—A piece of sad, romantic nonsense with Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall: Regal.

BOYS' TOWN (American).—Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney lead in a story of a boys' self-governing colony: Empire.

CRIME SCHOOL (American).—Humphrey Bogart and the Dead End kids in another story of juvenile criminals: Gaumont.

A DAY AT THE RACES (American).—The Marx Brothers visit the Curzon for a week.

KIDNAPPED (American) and JOY OF LIVING (American).—The double-feature revival policy continues at the Tivoli.

THE MARKED MAN (French).—A fairly good spy film with Jean Murat as the ace, Viviane Romance as queen; also *La Grande Illusion*: Berkeley.

PRISON SANS BARREAUX (French).—Corinne Luchaire heads the reformatory girls in a Venice prize-winning film, whose English version is at the London Pavilion: Academy (from Sat.).

PRISON WITHOUT BARS (British).—Edna Best, Barry Barnes and Corinne Luchaire, with three or four English starlets, in a reformatory setting: London Pavilion.

THE RAGE OF PARIS (American).—Douglas Fairbanks Junior opposite Danielle Darrieux in her first Hollywood film; how a French girl makes good in New York: Leicester Square.

ROYAL DIVORCE (American).—Ruth Chatterton leads in the film of the play: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Walt Disney's full-length cartoon from the Grimm tale is gripping: New Gallery.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH (American).—Another exciting slice of American history, salmon pirates in the Alaskan icebergs this time, with George Raft, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour: Plaza.

UNCLE MOSES (Yiddish).—Maurice Schwarz in a gripping story of New York's East Side Jewish quarter, where the old racial Judaism mingles with new Americanism; also *Le Roi S'Amuse*: Academy. (Last two days).

OPERA and BALLET

THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY opens its 1938-9 season in the suburbs: Streatham Hill, till Saturday, 1st; Golders Green, from Monday, 3rd.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Orchestra in his forty-fourth season at the Queen's Hall: nightly, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, 28TH.—Brahms concert; Tragic Overture, violin concerto in D (Ida Haendel), fourth symphony in E Minor, Liebeslieder (Alec Rowley, Edgar Moy, B.B.C. Singers); also Dvorak's symphonic variations.

THURSDAY, 29TH.—George Dyson and Ivor Gurney songs (Isobel Baillie), Grieg's piano concerto (Moira Lympany), Vaughan Williams conducts his Pastoral Symphony, Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody, Dvorak's Slavonic Rhapsody in A flat.

FRIDAY, 30TH.—Beethoven concert, with six vocalists and the B.B.C. Choral Society and Cyril Smith at the piano; Choral Fantasia, Choral Symphony; also Purcell, Moeran, Parry.

SATURDAY, OCT. 1ST.—The season's last concert; Joan Cross, Tom Williams, Clifford Curzon (piano); Smetana, Verdi, Ireland, Weber, Rimsky-Korsakov, Dukas, M. V. White, and Sir Henry Wood's fantasia on sea-songs.

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The Bystander

Fateful Meeting Number Two

Neville Chamberlain and Adolf Hitler met for the second time at Bad Godesberg, a modest spa in Rhenish Prussia. Six hundred years ago that part of the world was grimly dominated by robber barons and the British Premier passed ruins of their castles as he motored down the Rhine's left bank from Cologne. He also passed through Bonn, birthplace of Beethoven. Arrived at the Hotel Meesen, Chamberlain went straight upstairs for a two-hour tête-à-tête with Hitler: only interpreters were present, Dr. Schmidt (seen here) of the German F.O., and Mr. I. A. Kirkpatrick, of the British Embassy. The leaders came down at 6.30 to continue conversations with staff, and to pose against one of the hotel palms for photographers. Hitler seemed in excellent spirits and clapped Ribbentrop (far left) on the back

Crisis flights *included that of the French Prime Minister to London last Sunday week. After hours of conference, the Anglo-French proposals were sent to Prague, and M. Daladier returned to explain himself to a gloomy French Cabinet*

Another flight *was that of a party of Labour leaders to Paris. Mr. H. H. Elvin and Sir Walter Citrine represented the Trades Union Congress, Dr. Hugh Dalton and Mr. George Latham were the two M.P.'s representing the Labour Party. They discussed with representatives of the French Socialist Party and the C.G.T. the international situation, agreed unanimously in deploring the threat to Czechoslovakia's independence, and decided to remain in close contact*

French opinion *last week was reflected in the divided French Cabinet, several Ministers coming near to resignation on Wednesday, but deferring decision until after Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Germany. Here are MM. Patenôtre, Bonnet, the Foreign Minister, Reynaud, Marchandeau, and Jean leaving the Elysée in obvious gloom. Paul-Reynaud is one of those most resentful of pressure put upon Prague*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

FOR the second time in succession I am compelled in self-defence to remind the readers of the BYSTANDER that we are not an evening paper, placarding the streets of London at five o'clock in the afternoon with news that arrived at half-past four. I am writing this in the brief interval between the first talk at Godesberg and the second, and events are moving with increasing momentum and speed every day.

IN the last seven days the incredible complications of Central Europe have become even more complicated by the action of the Poles and the Hungarians. These two countries, by demanding the return of their minorities in Czecho-Slovakia, precipitated the crisis in Prague. But at the moment it is impossible to say in which direction this precipitation has worked. At first it looked as if the intervention of these two countries was the last straw and that Prague must inevitably throw its hand in completely. Then came the fall of the Prague Cabinet, and the appointment of a new Cabinet led by the hero of the Czech army. This almost looked as if the Poles and the Hungarians had driven Prague not to abject surrender, but to consider the possibility, at any rate, of despairing resistance.

POLAND is the last country in Europe entitled to talk about the rights of minorities. The state of affairs in the Polish Ukraine has been a notorious scandal for many years, and the seizure of Vilna from the Lithuanians in 1920 was not exactly in accordance with international law or morality. There is also a considerable German minority in Poland, and I doubt if Herr Hitler is really satisfied with the existence of the Polish Corridor. The Poles, in fact, are playing with fire.

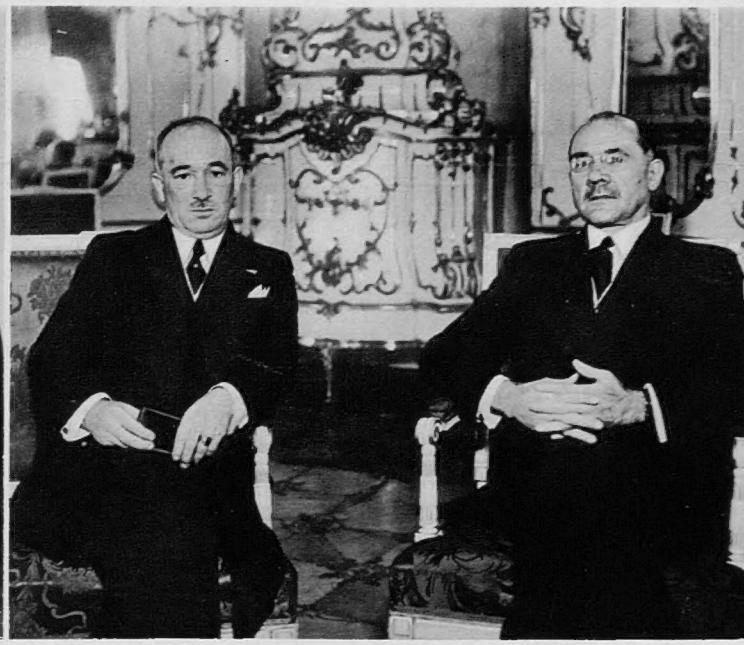
MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S first flight to Berchtesgaden was greeted as a magnificent gesture in the cause of peace, and at one stroke the Prime Minister captured the imagination of the democratic world. Within three or four days all that glamour had disappeared, and his second flight to Godesberg was watched with profound misgiving. At the Heston aerodrome on the first occasion even hard-boiled reporters burst into spontaneous cheering. On the second occasion there was almost dead silence.

ALMOST dead silence has indeed been the keynote to the attitude of the British public since the alleged plan for giving up the Sudeten areas began to be circulated. Apart from a few demonstrations in favour of war by the extreme Pacifists and the Communists, the man in the street has been thoughtful, uneasy, depressed and almost unhappy. He is unquestionably dead against war, but he has a sort of feeling that a pass is being sold without any real guarantee that a permanent peace has been got in exchange.

THE American Press has slipped up heavily in many of its comments on the Anglo-French plan for the partition of Czechoslovakia. Many of them describe it as a " great betrayal," or a " surrender," or as a " treacherous abandonment " of Czechoslovakia. Hardly a single one of them had the decency to remember that the first country which let down Czechoslovakia was the United States itself. The frontiers of Czechoslovakia were largely drawn up by President Wilson, and they were guaranteed by the United States in the Covenant of the League of Nations, which was also largely drawn up by Wilson and signed by him. When the United States Senate refused to ratify Wilson's signature, they abandoned Czechoslovakia. It might be well for American critics like Miss Dorothy Thompson to remember this.

I HAVE from time to time quoted in these pages from a weekly news-sheet called *The Week*, a left-wing commentary on current affairs written and issued by that brilliant ex-journalist Mr. Claud Cockburn. It has quite a big circulation, and often publishes interesting information. During the crisis its flights of imagination dressed up as " facts " have been really comic. Its

Far-reaching demands *on Czechoslovakia were discussed by German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop, Hungarian Premier de Imredy, and Foreign Minister de Kanya at Berchtesgaden on Wednesday. The Hungarians were received by Hitler, and so was the Polish Ambassador. German and Italian newspapers had already begun to insist that the Anglo-French proposals did not go far enough, and that only a "totalitarian settlement" in Czechoslovakia would be acceptable*



The Czech Government *resigned while Chamberlain was flying to Bad Godesberg on Thursday. Dr. Hodza (right) was replaced as Prime Minister by General Sirovy. Later President Benes (left) made another firm, dignified and restrained broadcast speech to his people, describing the new Government as one of "national solidarity," and asking once more for calmness and confidence*

determination to prove that Britain has "let down France" has been less comic. *The Week* is rapidly becoming one of our snappiest fiction magazines.

IT is sad that delegates to the Assembly of the League of Nations at the moment sitting at Geneva should appear almost to go out of their way to make the League a joke. Last week Captain Euan Wallace proposed that the League should declare the bombing of civilians to be illegal, and the Assembly threatened Japan with sanctions.

THE director of the Food Defence Plans Department has announced that the organisation for feeding the country in emergency is now ready for instant action. Within twenty-four hours a national scheme for rationing could be put into operation, and 1500 local officials have already been appointed. On the other hand, he admits that the problem of feeding the country may be more difficult even than in the war of 1914-18, especially in the matter of transport and hostile interference.

MESSRS. GOLLANCZ have published a fascinating book, *The Atlas of To-day and To-morrow* (a slightly optimistic title perhaps). It contains two hundred maps showing in diagrams pretty nearly everything you want to know about such things as politics, history, commerce, raw materials, nationalities, races, and so on. For all of us who prefer a picture to a lot of dry reading, this is the book.

THE *Daily Express* turned aside during the crisis to publish a leading article urging us all to "study detail." This handsome little piece of advice contained the statement that the Marquis de Condorcet "devised the differential calculus." As the calculus was devised by Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz nearly a hundred years before the birth of Condorcet, the writer of the article might perhaps have followed his own advice with advantage.

WHILE affairs in Europe have been getting worse and worse there has been a sudden recrudescence of anti-Jewish propaganda in the East End of London. The British Fascisti have begun to display great Jew-baiting activity, and truculent speeches are being made again after a quiet period of a good many months.

Czech Prime Minister *is now General Sirovy, tough, one-eyed, fifty-three, since 1935 Inspector-General of the Forces. Twenty years ago he was leading the Czech Legion in their epic fighting march through the revolution in Russia, across Siberia to Vladivostock, and so home to Europe. As crisis Premier he is reported a popular choice*

LET us hope that the Minister of Health accepts the suggestion of the Town and Country Planning Committee and puts the cost of preserving holiday areas from jerry-builders and ribbon-developers upon national funds. The coast line of the South and South-East of England is almost entirely ruined already, but there are a few stretches of beach which might still be saved. The Committee rightly points out that the preservation of holiday areas is at least as much a national as a local interest.

VERY seldom in the story of the West End theatre can a production so terrifically advertised and boosted as *Paprika* have had such hostile reception from the critics. One and all they jumped on Mr. Maschwitz and tore him to pieces. Mr. Maschwitz at least can reflect that his other musical comedy, *Balalaika*, had a very poor start and ran for six hundred nights.

PODIMORE cross-roads in the West Country are now famous. There is a Halt sign at the cross-roads and any motorist who disobeys the command is seized by the gendarmerie and haled up before the local beaks. The fine is invariably from £2 to £3. At Wimbledon last week a lady pleaded guilty to the charge of driving without due care and attention. She was asked by the Chairman of the Bench if she intended to go on driving. She said "yes." She was asked if she was going to drive for business or pleasure. She said "for pleasure." She was then fined £2 with £2 6s. 6d. costs. By the way, I almost forgot to add that she had killed a road-sweeper.

Mr. Chamberlain

Like his opposite in the Berchtesgaden and Godesberg conversations, the British Premier is a commoner. That is about all the two men have in common. Chamberlain is a democrat, born of democratic stock and brought up in the proud democratic traditions of local (Birmingham) and Parliamentary Government. His dress and pose here, as he spoke for the news-cameras before departure for Cologne, compared with the dress and pose on the opposite page, typify the fundamental difference between Chamberlain and Hitler. The Fuehrer must have sensed this, for he suppressed uniforms at Godesberg, himself wearing a semi-military jacket with only three medals, the golden badge of the N.S.D.A.P. party, the iron cross (first class) and the war-wound badge (see Frontispiece)

Herr Hitler

Adolf Hitler was born at Braunau on the River Inn when Chamberlain was a young man of twenty. At Hitler's present age (49), Chamberlain had just been elected to Parliament for the Ladywood Division of Birmingham. The achievements of the German's life are typified by this picture: he gives the salute he invented, surrounded by the eagles whose honour he has restored, facing a steel-helmeted member of the army who sees grudgingly in him its revived hope of European domination. No wonder that this man of iron, who touches no meat, alcohol or tobacco, seized in hearty welcome both hands of the other, old enough to be his father, who had come from the world's greatest Empire to plead for peace

Social Register

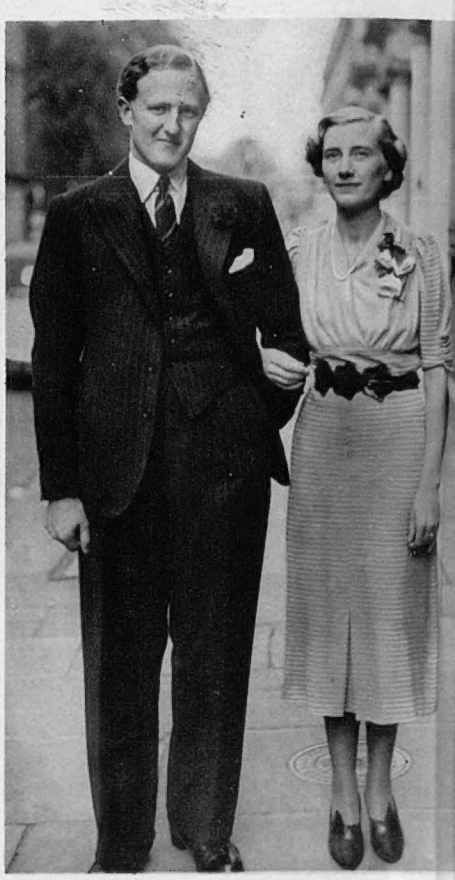
FOUR WEDDINGS

Mr. Anthony Duveen and Miss Gowers

It was a St. Martin-in-the-Fields wedding between Anthony Duveen and Eileen Gowers. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duveen, of 5, Stanhope Place, W.2; she is Sir Ernest and Lady Gowers' daughter — her parents live at Liphook, in Hampshire

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Stevenson

George Stevenson and Gloria Gordon's wedding took place quietly recently, following an engagement announced in the spring. He is the only son of the late Major Sinclair Stevenson and Mrs. Stevenson, of 25, Wetherby Gardens, S.W.5. She is the only daughter of Col. William Gordon, V.C., and Mrs. Gordon



Lord Graham and Mrs. Ryder

Another quiet wedding took place at Kensington Register Office between Lord Ronald Graham, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose's son, and Mrs. Nancy Edith Ryder, whose marriage to Mr. Dudley Claude Douglas Ryder was dissolved in March. Lady Graham, the bridegroom's sister-in-law, was a witness

AN ENGAGEMENT

Prince Chula of Siam and Miss Hunter

The King of Siam's permission was obtained to the engagement of Prince Chula Chakrabongse of Siam and Miss Elisabeth Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hunter, of 5, Upper Phillimore Gardens, S.W. They are being married next month. Prince Chula is well known in this country and sponsors the motor-racing activities of his cousin, Prince Bira *(see p. ii)*

RE-OPENING NIGHT LIFE

A Party of Six at Ciro's

Richard Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Lady Churston, Mrs. Michael Gold, Kenneth Thornton, Peter Laycock and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton went to Ciro's for supper on its re-opening night last week. Their table was one of the few big ones at which none of the women had "brushed-up" their hair. The two bachelors of the party are Sir FitzRoy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe's son and heir, who is in the Scots Greys, and the second son of the late Sir Joseph Laycock

Lady Carnarvon and Mr. Geoffrey Grenfell

Geoffrey Grenfell, of Ovington Square, Chelsea, son of Mr. and Mrs. Riversdale Grenfell, married Catherine Lady Carnarvon at Kensington Register Office. She is American, married Lord Carnarvon in 1922, divorced him in 1936. Mr. Grenfell has also been married before

FILM FIRST NIGHT

Three "Reformatory Girls" at Their Own First Night

Mary Morris, Sally Wisher and Lorraine Clewes are three of the girls in "Prison Without Bars" (starring Corinne Luchaire), which had its premiere at the London Pavilion last Wednesday. Mary Morris in her first film part gives an excellent performance as the bad girl of the story. With the three of them at the premiere was John Wade

CAFÉ SOCIETY

Noel Coward and Fritzi Massary

Had been to see Emlyn Williams' play, "The Corn Is Green," and went on to supper at the Café de Paris. Fritzi Massary is the brilliant Hungarian comedienne who came to London to play in Noel Coward's "Operette" last spring

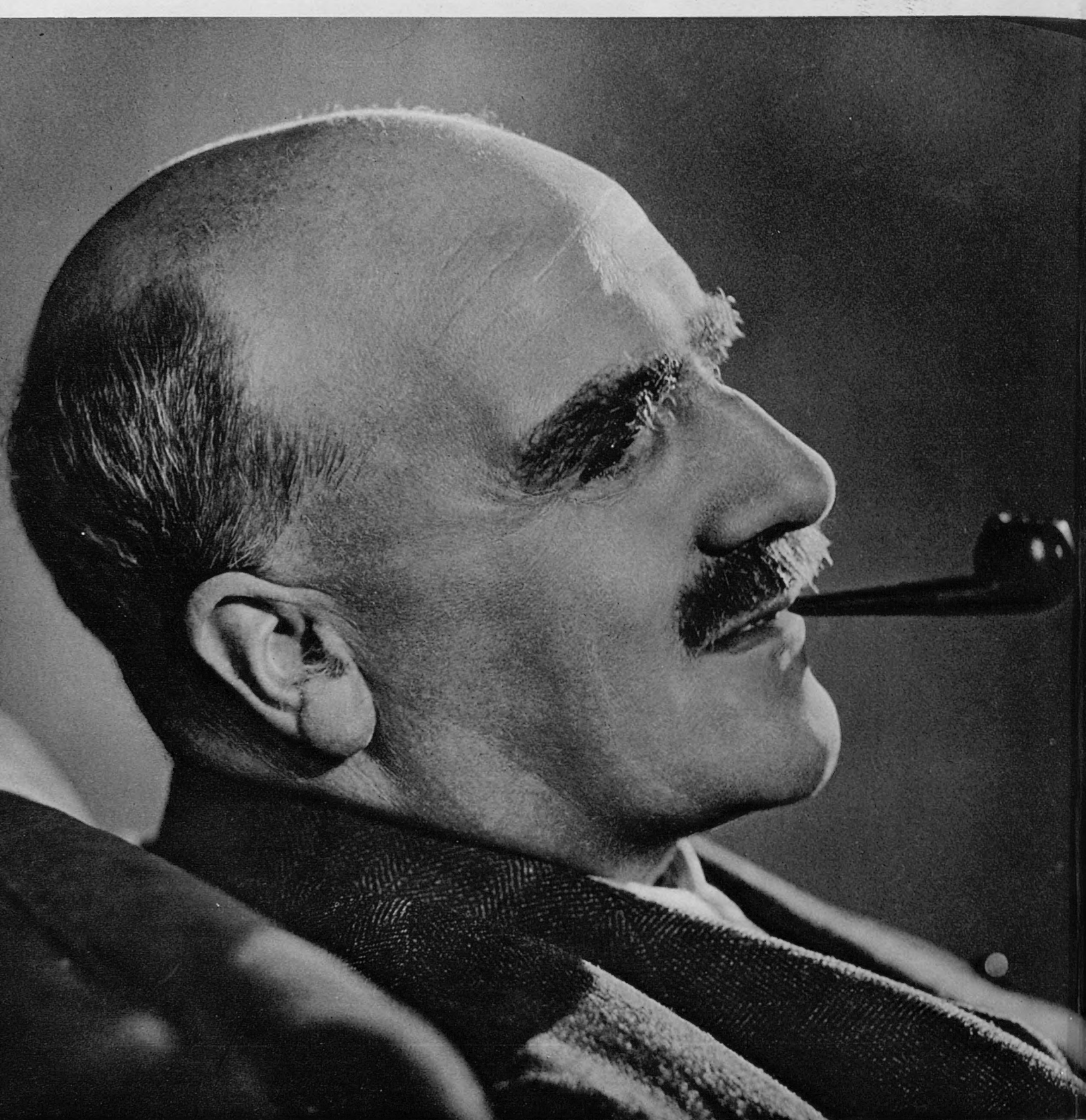
Lady Dunn, Mrs. McGrath, Prince Vsevelode of Russia

Lady Dunn, Sir James Dunn's wife, Mrs. Redmond McGrath and Prince Vsevelode of Russia chose the "Prison Without Bars" premiere out of a heavy week of first-nights—stage, film and ballet. The theatre has sprung into tremendous life this month with fifteen new productions and the film studios are putting on the big stuff they saved up during the summer revival season.

Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight

Dressed and downstairs sat Whitney Straight and decorative wife, Lady Daphne Straight wearing silver-grey with a collar of pink feathers. Day-dressed and upstairs sat two re-married Countesses and their husbands: Robin Wilson beside Mrs. Fiske, who was Rose Countess of Warwick, Billy Fiske beside Mrs. Wilson, who was Patricia Countess of Jersey

Diagonal Couples: Mr. and Mrs. Robin Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Fiske



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Critic of A.R.P.

For those who take their A.R.P. seriously, Professor Haldane's book on the subject might be described as worrying. He has long been popularly known as a scientist who could make biology as interesting as comprehensible to the man in the street. Now he has brought his scientific outlook, active public spirit, and lucid, vivid writing to a purely topical subject, and the result is *A.R.P.* (a Gollancz book). Since watching air raids in Spain, he has concluded that the danger from high explosives is infinitely greater than from gas or incendiary bombs, that the present scheme of A.R.P. ignores the real vulnerability, above all in London, that the only solution is a vast network of tunnels 60 feet underground, 1400 miles of them in London alone. To make England safe for air raids he reckons would cost £400,000,000. Meantime he continues his work as Professor of Biometry at the University of London, published last year *Heredity and Politics*, and in November will bring out *The Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences*

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 89

Lord Gort, V.C.

As a very junior 2nd lieutenant in the Special Reserve of Officers I approach this cameo of Lord Gort, Chief of Imperial General Staff, with some diffidence. After all, you never know, do you? But in any event, I don't suppose he'd really mind. He is the most unpompous person you could wish to meet, which is more than you can say for most men who have four christian names. I imagine that it was at Harrow that he acquired his nickname of "Fat Boy," which has never deserted him, despite the fact that there probably isn't an ounce of waste tissue on his body. It was in 1905 that he joined the Grenadier Guards, becoming a captain at the outbreak of war and getting a D.S.O. and Bar and the Victoria Cross whilst commanding the 1st Battalion. And a very sticky day it was at the Canal du Nord when he got his V.C. In the terms of the official despatch, Lord Gort's skilful leading of the advance over undulating ground saved many casualties. Wounded early, he was again wounded severely, an artery being cut. Nevertheless, he insisted on completing his dispositions; waited to see his plan put into effect, and even attempted to start off again to join the battalion; collapsed from loss of blood, and on partial recovery insisted that his stretcher bearers should take him right up to the firing line. It was typical of him afterwards to say that he only got the V.C. because his men were such good troops. But even before the war Lord Gort was absorbed with the study of military tactics when still a young officer of nineteen. In those days he was a fresh-complexioned youth, concise in the expression of his views; but it wasn't until 1926, when he became Chief Instructor of the Senior Officers' School, that it looked as though he might one day reach his present position. For he was then only a major and the post had hitherto been held by a colonel. Such a departure from precedent was noted at the time as a healthy sign, the more so because of Lord Gort's distinguished career as a battle leader during the war. Soon after this appointment certain private affairs enabled him to devote more time than ever to soldiering. So we find him G.S.O.1, Shanghai Defence Force, the following January (rescuing a number of nuns very gallantly there); and then appointed Director of Military Training in India, with the rank of Brigadier, in 1932.

After four years he became Commandant at the Staff College, Camberley, and next, Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War, with the local rank of lieutenant-general. Mr. Hore-Belisha, who himself was a temporary major in the Royal Army Service Corps during the war, was naturally desirous of surrounding himself with first-class fighting men. Lord Gort has always been keen on hunting as good training for officers. He realised, however, that many couldn't afford it. He also realised that he couldn't encourage his subordinates to learn to fly in their spare time unless he did so himself. As a result, when in the late forties he promptly qualified as a pilot. He is a member of White's, which he uses a good deal. But you would never guess who he was if you didn't know, and he rather enjoys being unrecognised. Most of the time he wears a smile and a bowler hat. The story that he was known as "Tiger" Gort when he was appointed to his present post could not have been more ridiculous. Ski-ing and small-boat sailing are two others of his hobbies and it is amusing to see a clipping dated September 18th, 1923, which reads: "Lord Gort, who has now severed his connection with the Regular Army, and may occupy an important civil position abroad, has just set out from Cowes for Cherbourg aboard his 28-ton yacht, Carlotta."

Charles Graves

John Everard

King Henry V, by Mr. Ivor Novello

Ivor Novello's spirited departure into Shakespeare took hold of the imagination of his public. For the idol of a series of romantic musical plays which exercised the stage machinery at Drury Lane more than the audience's mental machinery, Harry of England was an ideal part: a man, a hero, and a king. The stage machinery could still be used to the full in presenting a series of stirring scenes and a notable and filmic battle of Agincourt is to be seen. Unfortunately, the acting in *Henry V.* at Drury Lane is not up to standard. Mr. Novello himself is technically immaculate, but he is not bluff enough for King Hal. Miss Dorothy Dickson scores a five-minute triumph in the brittle little part of Katharine. Charles Doran as France, Stephen Jack as Montjoy, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as chorus stand out in a cast that disappoints—notably in the comics. The scenery is competent, the effects good, the incidental music by Ivor Novello and Norman O'Neill is excellent

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Golden wedding principals : Marie Tempest, Leon Quartermaine

Sketches of "Dear Octopus" by Rouson

"Be still, my fluttering heart" : John Gielgud and Angela Baddeley

Childhood remains : Valerie Taylor

"Dear Octopus" (Queen's)

MISS DODIE SMITH seems to have sensed that the theatrical heyday of George and Margaret is well on the wane, and that playgoers are once more ready to rejoice in family ties, however exacerbating they may sometimes be. Here are the Randolphs, generations of them, assembled to celebrate the golden wedding of their progenitors. Back they have trooped to the dear old Essex home, with its possibly rather too insistent memories, evoking possibly rather too infectious tear-drops. (Is there anyone in this piece, from Miss Marie Tempest to the baby, who doesn't pipe an eye?) The dear old fireguard, the dear old rocking-horse, the dear old cupboard—only the dear old bookcase seems to have been left out, perhaps because that is where it all began—with Tchekov. So strong has the influence of Tchekov been on our better playwrights that this *Dear Octopus* at the Queen's might be summed up as a sort of Tchekoctopus, whose tentacles, dangerous though they may be, we welcome. For was not Mr. Shaw's best play written under Tchekov's influence? And Mr. Priestley's? And Mr. Acland's?

"DEAR OCTOPUS" may not be Miss Dodie Smith's best play, but it is probably her second best. And it will run and run and run and run, being full of shrewd observation, unforced humour, and comfortable humanity, with any amount of good acting and gorms of sentiment. While Mr. John Gielgud and Miss Angela Baddeley fail to understand until the last act that they are mutually in love, there are plenty of diversions—Miss Marie Tempest irresistibly and incessantly dispatching her descendants on trifling errands, upstairs and downstairs, Miss Kate Cutler battling with the ravages of time; Miss Valerie Taylor recovering from a respectable liaison that lasted half a dozen years in Paris; Miss Nan Munro (for whom special praise) burrowing in a cupboard to make sure she has not shut a fly in it; Miss Una Venning making mischief that strikes rather too dramatic a note in this family piece; and children saying the amusing things that always spring to their lips when Miss Dodie Smith sets them talking about anything.

There is also a performance of a little girl by Miss Muriel Pavlow so natural, so poignant, so un-stage-childish, that nothing else mattered to me while she was visible. Good as the entertainment is, there is nothing else in it quite of this quality.

"The Last Trump" (Duke of York's)

MR. JAMES BRIDIE'S play, *The Last Trump*, comes to the Duke of York's by way of Malvern with most of the original cast. But it is Sir Seymour

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The Theatre

(Continued from page 485)

Hicks who now plays the part of the financier whose "only motive power is greed—half a dozen different kinds of greed." As he sits up in bed in the nursing-home of the first act, quarrelling with the nurse, insulting the family doctor, quaking under the examination of the specialist, and alternately threatening and cajoling the Scottish chieftain whose beloved countryside he desires to deface with a water-power station, you realise that here is an actor of the first quality who might have achieved great things but for his peculiar susceptibility to shoddy material. If the brilliance of the opening scene is not afterwards quite sustained, this must be partly attributed to the failure of the play to fulfil its early promise.

Body-and-soul offer refused by honourable young man: Hazel Terry and Simon Lack

Tough: Professor David Schreiner (J. O. Twiss)

Sketches of "The Last Trump" by Rouson

Jittery financier and philosopher-specialist: Seymour Hicks and Cecil Trouncer

ONCE we get out of the nursing-home, the development of the contest between the chieftain and the financier fails to hold us. There is a wild plot to defeat the financier by persuading him that at a certain hour the end of the world is due, but the evidence for this is not such as to make us believe that he would for one moment accept it; nor are the reactions of the characters on the stage as the dreaded hour approaches as interesting or probable as could be hoped. I should like to praise this play, partly because Mr. Bridie has lately been attacking critics, and I should like to show that there is no ill-feeling; partly because the best of it is better than the best of many better plays; partly because you really should see Sir Seymour in that first scene. Sticking strictly to script, he takes no more liberties than if he was acting a minor part. Mr. Cecil Trouncer plays the specialist with the dry acidity that he has made all his own. And Mr. H. R. Hignett as the Scottish chieftain is once again most soothingly depressing — long may his low spirits endure!

"Henry V." (Drury Lane)

AT Drury Lane Mr. Ivor Novello seems to me more like Prince Hal than Henry V., which monarch he is now playing with plenty of grace but insufficient strength. *Henry V.* would really be best presented twice a week in conjunction with the two parts of *Henry IV.*, of which it is structurally the climax. It would also be best presented in a theatre of dimensions far less vast than those of Drury Lane, where the size calls for a pageantry at loggerheads with the protestations of the Chorus, and where the intimacy of many of the scenes is inevitably lost. It should never be forgotten that Shakespeare wrote with the advantages and limitations of a small theatre continually in mind. The size of the Globe theatre south of the Thames, auditorium and stage included, was no bigger than that of a lawn tennis court.

A spectacular production this, with armies and processions masterfully handled by Mr. Lewis Casson. But the eye and the ear are not co-operative organs. The more you see, the less you hear. The more you hear, the less you see. If Shakespeare wrote, say, eighty per cent. for the ear and twenty per cent. for the eye, then anything over twenty per cent. that challenges the eye will either be wasted or detrimental to the intended effect.

WHAT I liked best at Drury Lane was the performance of Princess Katharine given by Miss Dorothy Dickson, who would now be one of our leading legitimate ladies had she never been able to dance. Every year she takes a step not back, but forward. Miss Joan Swinstead's Alice and Mr. Frederick Bennett's Fluellen might well be borne in mind the next time *Henry V.* is revived. As the Chorus, Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, though she speaks with fine vigour, is too plainly under the necessity of playing a part as well as declaiming her lines. If the Chorus is to be a man, why not engage a man? If it is to be a woman, why not dress it as such?

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Anne Wigram

Anne Wigram is engaged to John Leslie Harvey, elder son of the late Colonel John Harvey, and Mrs. Harvey, of Ringstead Bury, Norfolk. She is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Wigram. Her father is Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle. The Wigrams have been lately at Craig Gowan, at Balmoral, where John Harvey has been staying with them

Fayer of Vienna

The Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways

The Earl and Countess of Ilchester's younger daughter, who is twenty this year, announced her engagement two weeks ago to the Hon. Ivor Guest, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne. He is thirty-five, and has been the National Member for Breconshire and Radnorshire for the last three years. Both families own famous London houses—the Wimbornes Wimborne House in Arlington Street, the Ilchesters Holland House in Kensington

Four Engagements

Kathleen Iddon

Miss Maureen Gilbey

Maureen Gilbey, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Gilbey, of 70, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10, is engaged to the Hon. John Gilbey, second son of Gordon Gilbey and Baroness Vaux of Harrowden, of The Grove, Denham, Bucks. The Barony of Vaux of Harrowden was called out of abeyance last July in favour of the then Hon. Mrs. Gilbey, eldest of the three daughters of the seventh Lord Vaux of Harrowden

Vivien Lacy is engaged to John Wilson, Royal Artillery, only child of Colonel and Mrs. F. T. A. Wilson, of Stanway House, Colchester. She is the youngest of the five daughters of Sir Pierce and Lady Lacy, of Ampton Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. Her father, who is one of Birmingham's leading stockbrokers and financiers, is the first baronet

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Vivien Lacy

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Post Office's latest press advertisements for greetings telegrams show an unmannerly hound on a train waving good-bye, with his hat on his head, to a girl on the platform. Feeling there might be some explanation, we rang up an official of the Post Office. The official said it was all right. He said: "If the man on the train had been taking off his hat to say good-bye, people would have jumped to the conclusion that an illicit love-affair was in progress, and approved by the G.P.O. He keeps his hat on to show people she 's his wife." We said: "She doesn't look like a decent British wife to us, she looks a bit of a mopsy—Continental, almost," and the official said: "Well, anyway, she 's his *wife*. It 's a G.P.O. regulation. She may have been Continental in the first place, but he 's made a good woman of her." Still dubious, we said: "We wouldn't trust that baby an inch," and the official said, rather stiffly: "What happens when the *married lady* in question has seen *her husband's* train off is no concern of the Postmaster-General's."

So you gather that the Post Office's Decency Drive continues. It began recently when new greetings telegrams were designed by a lady showing mellow autumn and the fruits of the kindly earth, a needed change from the hot, erotic atmosphere of that Valentine greetings telegram, all kisses and claspings—the kind of thing, frankly, we 'd have been chary of sending to a nice young girl. Whether an approving critic's suggestion that this autumn-piece should be followed by a series of Notable British Town Halls has yet been adopted, we don't know, but we know a sweetheart who 's going to get the Bradford one the very moment it appears.

"Theoretically, it should be here . . ."

Poet's Pub

WHILE the destruction of every decent building in London proceeds (to coin a phrase) apace, the latest to die being those beautiful houses in Whitehall Gardens, the L.C.C. are doing their bit by busily changing street names. They 've just re-named Red Lion Court, off Fleet Street, Stevenson Court, and the tenants are quite rightly protesting. Robert Louis Stevenson, after whom the court is re-named, had very little to do with Fleet Street, and he didn't esteem the Press boys highly. Colonel Geraldine in the *New Arabian Nights*, if you remember, accompanies his frisky royal playmate into the Soho underworld "dressed and painted to resemble a person connected with the Press": which obviously means frayed trouser-bottoms and shirt-cuffs, down-at-heel boots, beer-stained reach-me-downs, a cheap flashy cravat, a shabby topper, and most likely a touch of red paint about the gills. So, on the whole, though we Fleet Street boys are not over-sensitive, we don't see much point in altering the name of Red Lion Court.

The L.C.C. had better not try any games on with Poppins Court, its near neighbour. In the early 1920's the pub in Poppins Court was the Mermaid Tavern of modern London. A gang of poets and wits met there regularly every morning, wasting enough daily brilliance over their bitter to fill the Great Tun of Heidelberg. The names of Hilaire Belloc and J. C. Squire and G. H. Mair, J. B. Priestley and Edward (Dick) Shanks, Michael Pope and Ivor Brown and Murray Allison, J. B. Morton and Clennell Wilkinson and Aubrey Hammond and Peter Traill, among others, should be engraved on marble on this pub's façade. The glory may have gone from Poppins Court—the rot set in when the *London Mercury* playboys moved from just round the corner to the other side of Fleet Street—but its name is precious in many a memory, and if the L.C.C. start mucking about with it we don't know what might happen. Everybody concerned will be a little upset, probably.

"Ach, du lieber Gott! ze Lambeth Walk!"

Pan

THAT mild comedy of the Women's Voluntary Services A.R.P. poster, bearing a sweet, strong female face which Mr. Frank Pick of the Underground described as just the kind we could trust to defend us, and which turned out to be the face of "a woman possibly of German origin," is now over. A Yorkshire female face, equally sweet and strong, has been substituted, and we needn't be alarmed any more. The wayward Mr. Hickey blew the gaff in the *Daily Express* with malicious pleasure, but the joke was one of those which could have kept a long time and been none the worse (or better), we thought. Faces are pretty much alike. That celebrated wartime Kitchener recruiting poster looked very like a younger brother of Hindenburg. Britannia herself in some aspects looks as blowsily Prussian as they come, and so for that matter does Marianne, tutelary deity of the French Republic. There are several types of pan or dial, in fact, common to every nationality on earth, and what of it?

If we 'd been the W.V.S. we 'd have been inclined to stick to our guns and ask the objectors what the devil it mattered if the face on our poster was

Argentine or Kalmuck. But here one is up against the national belief that there 's some intrinsic virtue and nobility in the British dial which you don't find elsewhere. (Carlyle's celebrated remark during a crossing from Calais, that there was not one gentleman's face in all that mob of foreigners, is typical.) As a matter of fact, the original W.V.S. poster face looked British enough to us, being round, smooth, and quite expressionless. They might possibly have made the poster more alluring by using the face of some dear little actress fondling a Peke, even if it meant a little additional explanatory letterpress. It mightn't have looked very defensive, we admit, but nor does A.R.P.

Note on Our Cuff

LEAKAGES of information, said somebody, discussing the Official Secrets Act recently and quoting a high Civil Servant, are usually found at the top of the Government barrel, not at the bottom, the top being a light froth or scum of politicians. If this is so any kind-hearted citizen can at once find a score of excuses for it. That childlike vanity which notoriously possesses them leads politicians to do many curious things. The glitter of big hotels and drawing-rooms intoxicates the boys and throws them off their balance. Beautiful Society women who treat them like dogs dazzle and enslave them. They can hardly help showing off. No doubt in the grey chill moment of awaking they remember some of the things they' ve said overnight and feel a spasm of fear, and the footman entering with tea and letters looks very like a detective. But then they suddenly remember with relief they 're immune, unless the Elephant and Stinker quarrel with little Mrs. Rampage, causing Dusty to part brass-rags with " Uncle." So hey.

Flicks

ONLY one man in London, we mentioned a little time ago, knows what the Bioscope, which ended all the immediate pre-War Palace Theatre shows, was like, and that is Maestro Herman Finck, who conducted the orchestra. The Bioscope, so far as Mr. Finck remembers, was rather yellow and jumpy (like a lot of the smart Palace habitués), and had something to do with the Derby. So Mr. Cochran's forthcoming season at the Palace, showing the history of the film from its beginnings, circa 1885, should bring back sweet or odious memories to many a *vieux marcheur*. Among the early films to be shown is that celebrated one of the 'nineties of an oncoming train apparently rushing off the screen right at the audience, which scared the populace stiff and caused a mild stampede at its first showing. This is probably the film which inspired Kipling's story, *Mrs. Bathurst*, unless we 're shamefully wrong; and we need hardly add that we do not give a damn if we are.

That simple thrill, in our view, has never been bettered by the film industry, for that more recent kind of film in which the figures, viewed through coloured mica, jump out very horribly at and over you, is only an extension of it. It 's older than the 'nineties, also; performed with the shadows of cut-out pasteboard figures leaping over a lighted candle behind transparencies it was a star item of the *Ombres Chinoisies* which entertained eighteenth-century Parisians. This particular kind of nightmare thrill is something the stage can never give, and it would be just like you to pipe up and contradict us and say, you get it to the full merely by seeing Miss So-and-So tripping on in 'most any play, girlish, fragrant, and a rogue if there ever was one. We may have felt the same, but we 've more respect for age than you.

Sob

BEST dumb-friend sob-story of the past few months was the *Daily Telegraph* one about two lonely little blue lovebirds who have no home. They belonged to the film actress Greta Nissen, and the British and American authorities alike refused to let them land. They 've crossed the Atlantic three times since and are now hoping to find a home in France, where the anti-psittacosis regulations are apparently less strict. We haven't noticed any outcry as yet from the Great Soft Centre, but if these little homeless birds are rejected by the French as well it will undoubtedly come. When the rumpus starts we have an idea of cleverly cashing in on it by inviting them to write this page.

This kind of touting for public sympathy and support—a more modern and powerful kind than Lamb's, you 'll admit—has already begun among the columnist boys. Timothy Shy in the *News Chronicle* having revealed recently that his column was written by an Airedale, " Beachcomber " revealed in the *Express* that he was an orphan horse. It 's playing it pretty low, in our estimation, and we 're surprised the public falls for such evident lies. Fall it does, nevertheless, and both boys are being overwhelmed by a shower of sugar and carrots, hay and chop-bones, offers of adoption and even offers of marriage—or so they aver to us, and so far as we know, they 're as clean and truthful as you can expect in Fleet Street.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Now here 's a bit of good, hard-wearing Government surplus cloth "

Films of the Day

French and English

By George Campbell

One of the critic's greatest difficulties is to distinguish between star and script—between the actual merits of the actor and the strength inherent in his part. Some parts are actor-proof. Shaw's Joan, for instance, has been played by actresses as different as Sybil Thorndike, Mme. Pitoëff, Elisabeth Bergner, and sundry Americans, Australians, and Central Europeans; and each and every one of them has made a colossal success.

But did their admirers stop to praise Mr. Shaw? Of course not. The average theatregoer, Frederick Lonsdale once complained to me bitterly, never bothers about the play; doesn't even know there is a playwright. And film audiences are still less analytical. The illusion of the medium is more perfect: they just see stories being lived.

This is by way of preface to a note on Corinne Luchaire. Mlle. Luchaire is the seventeen-year-old French girl who plays the leading part in both the French and English versions of *Prison Without Bars*, showing simultaneously in the West End; and if one part were evidence, I would burn my boats and say that here is one of the very great players of the future. Some people are saying it already.

But alas! one part is *not* evidence. Russian peasants and South Sea Islanders who never saw a camera have proved that anybody can be effective as himself. The test of an actor comes when nature fails and art must take its place, when he has to play other and very different people, has to get inside their skin and make them live. Simone Simon has done nothing of importance since she played her first French schoolgirl. Admirable as her Joan was at Malvern, Miss Bergner has never in England achieved the electrifying effect of her Gemma Jones. Hollywood is full of people who jumped into fame through a single performance and—largely through miscasting, perhaps, have been almost sensationally mediocre ever since.

I must therefore be cautious about Mlle. Luchaire. She is obviously extraordinarily talented, with a strong personality, a face not so much beautiful as glowing with intelligence and appeal, and a tall, lissome body that moves with the sheer joy in movement of all young things, and a queer, lazy grace. At seventeen she is immensely more mature in manner, voice and (still more) mind, than any English ingénue I can think of; and it is clear, too, that she is already an actress of considerable technical ability, able to suggest emotions outside the range of the great majority of English actresses of any age.

Obviously Mlle. Luchaire's future depends largely on luck in stories, support and direction. Given all these things, she will, I believe, rocket right to the top. Certainly no newcomer has impressed me quite so much—and I am speaking now of possibilities rather than of actual achievement—since the advent of Greta Garbo.

As for the films themselves, there seem to be two schools of thought. One finds in the French original a vitality lacking in the reproduction: others (and I am one of them) are of opinion that both in casting and cutting the English version is slightly superior. I suggest you see both. The story, of girls innocent and tough in a French reformatory, is strong enough to hold the interest, and the acting is first-class. Apart from the brilliance of Mlle. Luchaire, there is Edna Best's sympathetic and convincing portrait of the Superintendent, Barry K. Barnes's doctor, torn between his loyalty to his fiancée (Miss Best) and the reformatory girl, a powerful study in fanaticism by Martita Hunt, and half-a-dozen clever cameos by the girls.

Incidentally, one of the scenes, where the girl has to help the doctor do a vet's job because one of the matrons says she didn't turn down three offers of marriage to play midwife to a cow, bears a marked resemblance to a scene in *South Riding*. Coincidence, no doubt.

Even if Frozen North stuff ordinarily leaves you cold, I advise you not to miss *Spawn of the North*, if only for the performances of John Barrymore and the trained seal. The seal does everything but talk; Mr. Barrymore does nothing else, and he talks with a verve, a command of light and shade, and a clarity of enunciation, which should be an object lesson to his juniors, but probably won't. (I expect they 'll go on relying on their profiles, as Mr. Barrymore once did.)

The story is well constructed, with a gorgeous fight with harpoons; the climax, if hokum, is terrific hokum; some of the gags are funny enough for a Mack Sennett farce; and there is an all-star cast. Henry Fonda supplies the heroism, George Raft the thrills, Dorothy Lamour (in an entirely new part: she wears clothes) the sex appeal, Akim Tamiroff the menace, and John Barrymore and Lynne Overman the laughs. Henry Hathaway (of *Bengal Lancer*) directed.

The other new films are unimportant. *Josette* exploits Simone Simon as a little wardrobe girl who takes the place of a gold-digging singer with designs on a millionaire, and is misunderstood by the millionaire's sons until—but you 've seen that one before.

In *Three Loves has Nancy*, Janet Gaynor plays a simple small-town girl who comes to New York and collects three admirers; only she really has four loves, the fourth being meddling. Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone and Grady Sutton are her suitors. She ends in the arms of Mr. Montgomery—or, rather, she doesn't, because, with characteristic imbecility, she sends him ashore for the bag she has on the boat, and he misses it, and that is the only bit of luck the fellow has.

"Prison Sans Barreaux"—Return of a Fugitive

Suzanne's story starts with her escape from the reformatory, her recapture, her interview with the authorities. Here Corinne Luchaire faces the new superintendent (Annie Ducaux), the old one (Maximilienne) and a warder (Marguerite Pierre). The French version of the story, directed by Léonide Moguy, goes to the Academy on Saturday

"Prison Without Bars"—Accusation of Theft

Crisis in Suzanne's reformatory career comes with the theft of a bottle of alcohol into which she was blackmailed. Here Corinne Luchaire faces the English superintendents old and new—Martita Hunt and Edna Best. Mary Morris, shock-headed bad girl of the film, is second from left. Brian Desmond Hurst directed 'London Films' version, now at the London Pavilion

The band *of the title is first formed in the film by an aristocratic youth who is training as an up-stage violinist. Playing at right are Tyrone Power (violin) and Don Ameche (piano)*

Irving Berlin *arrived September 19th to appear at the Regal premiere on Friday. Born Israel Baline, he was youngest of a Russian-Jewish family in New York's eastside ghetto. Izzy ran away to relieve his widowed mother, became a singing waiter, wrote his first song 1907, published the "Ragtime Band" 1911. Since then hundreds of successful songs have made him comfortably a modest millionaire. He married in 1926 heiress Ellin Mackay against her father's wish, has three children*

Love interest *in the film is supplied by Tyrone Power and Alice Faye in a typically American mix-up. She marries another, only realises she wants him when he is about to follow suit*

THIS film, its title taken from the song that made Irving Berlin famous overnight, is a tribute to the composer who has topped his tree for more than a quarter of a century. Thirty of his seven hundred tunes are used in it, but the romantic story of Berlin's life (see caption at right) has been ignored and Darryl F. Zanuck had a Hollywood plot cooked up instead. The result is appropriately that Berlin invisibly steals the picture. Premiere at the Regal on Friday

"Alexander's Ragtime Band"

The army scenes *of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" are nearest to Berlin's actual life. He was drafted 1917, composed the soldiers' favourite song. Here Tyrone Power (who can't sing) woodenly conducts a soldiers' quartet. Poster over pianist is apposite now*

Pamela May in "The Emperor's New Clothes"

"The Emperor's New Clothes" was the opening ballet of the first night at Streatham last week. Pamela May now takes the part of the Empress, created by Pearl Argyle who has left the company to live in Paris with her husband and small son. The ballet, new last spring, is by Ninette de Valois, with Françaix music and Hedley Briggs setting

Elizabeth Miller in "The Gods Go A-Begging"

The Serving Maid in "The Gods Go A-Begging" is not a new part for Elizabeth Miller, though it too was first danced by Pearl Argyle. The invention, wit and appropriateness, both to music and period, of the three-year-old de Valois realisation of Handel's ballet have been revealed anew by an inevitable comparison with the more boisterous Lichine version

The English Ballet Season Begins

The Vic-Wells ballet season opened last Tuesday at Streatham Hill Theatre. Next Monday the ballet and opera companies go to Golders Green Hippodrome for two weeks, and then, on October 17th, home to the enlarged Sadler's Wells, where the back-stage alterations and improvements have been made under the Lilian Baylis Memorial scheme. The first new ballet of the season will be given about a fortnight later. It is *Harlequin in the Street*, by Frederick Ashton, to music by Couperin, and with decor by Derain. But the big event of the winter is the revival of *The Sleeping Princess* from which, since Diaghileff's splendid failure in 1921, London has only seen the Russian company's *Aurora's Wedding* selection. Margot Fonteyn, who will take the part of the Princess Aurora (taken in 1921 by Spessivtseva), has danced the *Aurora* pas de deux with Robert Helpmann a number of times in the last year or two

Photographs by Anthony

Margot Fonteyn—Two "Aurora" Studies

"Algiers": Hollywood Beats France by £186,000

Sigrid Gurie, pseudo-Norwegian actress from Brooklyn, N.Y., whose first screen part was the princess in Goldwyn's pseudo-Asiatic adventures of Marco Polo, plays a girl of Algiers' casbah in the Hollywood version of "Pépé le Moko" (Odeon). Called "Algiers," this transplant is just one more that brings a despairing why from the intelligent filmgoer. Julien Duvivier distilled into the original the most pungently thrilling and authentic atmosphere, with actors like Gabin and Gridoux and Mireille Balin falling plumb into their parts. In short, the film could not be made better. However, Walter Wanger has scored one triumph over Duvivier: whereas the original cost £14,000, the copy costs £200,000

***Charles Boyer** is a very "Mayerling," "Tovarich" and however, he played a suicidal ar emperor. To put his sombre, i part of Pépé le Moko seems Frenchman. Nevertheless, Pépé For a bandit of the native qu*

ery e actor as we have seen in and Marie Walewska." In these films, al arluke, an exiled aristocrat, a lonely re, illectual features into Jean Gabin's eems mistake, even though he is a épé the part he plays in "Algiers." e quer, he keeps his nails very nice

Hedy Lamarr *takes the place of Danielle Darrieux as Hollywood's newest and loveliest exotic. Her film history is short and known to most: in the Czechoslovakian film, "Extase," she appeared in a naked bathing scene and in a romanticised seduction, with the result that cuts in the film were made by all censors. Her then husband, armament magnate of the Hirtenberg Patronenfabrik in Austria, spent millions of schillings in attempting to destroy the film (he was cleverer with regard to the Anschluss, getting out of Austria a month before). In "Algiers" Hedy plays the part taken in "Pépé le Moko" by Mireille Balin. Her glamour has been acclaimed by all American critics and her next film is to be "New York Cinderella" with Spencer Tracy. Josef von Sternberg directs it, and Hollywood hopes to make Hedy Lamarr into Marlene Dietrich's successor*

A Tour of Scotland

Muirfield golf *was played by the Hon. Hugh Smith and his father-in-law, Lord Rosebery. The latter's week included racing at Musselburgh where he had several horses running. Hugh Smith's wife, Lady Helen Smith, is Lord Rosebery's only daughter. His father has been Lord Bicester since last Birthday Honours, was Vivian Smith, is a partner in the great banking firm of Morgan, Grenfell*

Perthshire hill climbing *filled a wet day for Mrs. Nigel Norman and her sons, Mark and Desmond. They went to Scotland after a St. Briac, Britanny, holiday. Her husband, aeronautical consultant and head of Airwork at Heston, designed and executed Perth's airport*

Campbells at Oban *are of importance were the Joan Campbell, daughter niece of Princess Louise. Hereditary Captain of 850) contained the Stone Abbey. He was a steward*

Musselburgh racing *couple were Lord and Lady Reay. He is the newest British citizen in the Peerage, was naturalised three weeks ago. Till then he held Dutch nationality; was brought up in Holland and bears a Dutch title as well as his Scottish one. His wife, formerly Charlotte Younger, is Scottish*

Dolphintoun party *for the Edinburgh race meeting included Miss Judy Parker whose hat was two skeins, red and blue, of wool; Miss Margaret Mackenzie, the hostess, and Miss Jean Stewart in a peaked fur cap. Margaret Mackenzie's brother, John Mackenzie, is Laird of Dolphintoun*

Also at Musselburgh *was Miss Beryl Johnston, a pretty debutante of 1937, who came with the Dolphintoun party. As escort here she has Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, her host's younger brother*

as pebbles on a beach. Pebbles Captain of Dunstaffnage and Miss of Lady George Campbell and a Mr. Angus Campbell is twentieth Dunstaffnage which once (before of Destiny now in Westminster of the Argyllshire Gathering

Also at Oban *were Captain Duncan MacRae-Gilstrap and the Duchess of Leinster. They sat out together at one of the two Argyllshire Gathering Balls. The American-born Irish Duchess has been doing her Scottish season thoroughly. Capt. MacRae-Gilstrap is the only son and heir of the Laird of Eilean-Donan, Lt.-Col. John MacRae-Gilstrap, who is also Deputy Keeper of the Palace of Holyrood House*

Highland Debutante *at Oban was Miss Anne Maclean, second daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Maclean, of Ardgour, and sister of Catriona Maclean, the Laird of Ardgour. With her is Mr. Sandy Stewart*

North Berwick golf *occupied Miss Margaret Moncrieff, pig-tailed daughter of the Hon. Lord Moncrieff, Scottish Judge, and Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, youngest daughter of the eighth Duke of Grafton*

Also at North Berwick *have been Lady Dorothy Charteris, Lady Margaret and Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck. The first and last were Coronation trainbearers, respectively, to Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth*

From Auchinbowie *to the Oban meeting came Captain A. G. F. Monro and his dark-haired wife who was Bunty Soames. They married last February. Captain Monro is in the Cameron Highlanders, and succeeded his father as Laird of Auchinbowie in 1933*

From Barra *to Oban for the first time came the MacNeil of Barra and Mrs. MacNeil. He came back from America a few weeks ago to Barra where he has bought back part of the old MacNeil lands and is restoring the legendary castle of Kishmul. He was welcomed back to the Island of Barra with piping and rejoicing*

Anthony

Emlyn Williams—the Miner's Son of the Stage

For his new play, *The Corn Is Green*, Emlyn Williams has taken a theme from his own deepest and earliest knowledge of life. He was born in 1905 of a Flintshire miner, Richard Williams, and his wife Mary, educated at the county school, and at Oxford, to which he won a scholarship. The hero of his play is also a Welsh miner's son who wins a scholarship to Oxford. Emlyn Williams has created in Morgan Evans, both by his dialogue and his acting, one of the most living and moving characters now walking the London stage. But in the play there is also a middle-aged English spinster who takes the brilliant frustrated boy under her wing, tends, moulds and inspires his intellectual ambitions, and at a crisis in his personal life saves him from disaster. This is Sybil Thorndike's part, and her and the author's creation of Miss Moffat is as real and vivid a human creature as the boy himself. *The Corn Is Green* had a big reception at the Duchess last week. After more than a year's absence, Emlyn Williams has again proved himself the most outstanding young actor-dramatist of the English theatre

"Bystander" Short Story No. 158

She Asked For It

By Walter Brooks

Illustrated by J. Morton Sale

THERE was a girl named Constance Merrill and she was the daughter of the Dean at Colton which is a little college upstate. The first time Mr. Quayle saw her was at the lake and she was standing on the float in her bathing suit and he thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Mr. Quayle's name was Roger and he was a freshman when he first saw Miss Merrill but he was a senior before he got engaged to her. For she certainly was cute and it 's the cute girls that get invitations while the beautiful ones have to put up with admiration.

So one August day he took her out to Eagle's Nest which is a little restaurant where you eat in a balcony overhanging the water all very romantic and Miss Merrill didn't say very much and Mr. Quayle asked why she was so silent. O I don't know said Miss Merrill. I was just thinking. People shouldn't think and eat at the same time said Mr. Quayle. You can't deliver an epigram with your mouth full of chocolate soufflé. You think quite a lot about eating don't you Roger ? said Miss Merrill. Why not ? said Mr. Quayle. It 's a nice custom. What 's the matter Connie ?

O I don't know said Miss Merrill. It 's—well it 's you. You don't thrill me any more Roger—you just feed me and discuss current topics. You used to have more fire. If you could only—O I don't know—get drunk or jump in to save somebody from drowning—anything——. There isn't anybody drowning at the moment, said Mr. Quayle and I 'd look sort of silly just jumping in and getting all wet——. That 's you all over said Miss Merrill. You 'd always think about getting wet ! Mr. Quayle sighed and laid down his fork and took off his wrist-watch and got up on the railing and jumped into the lake.

Well Miss Merrill was pretty cross because they had to explain to the restaurant people and of course they had to drive right home and she got wet just sitting next to him. I must say I don't understand you Connie said Mr. Quayle. I just did it to please you and now you 're mad. And I do hope these flannels won't shrink. You would think first about your clothes said Miss Merrill and of course I didn't want you just to jump in. Well you can't deny it gave you a thrill said Mr. Quayle and after all it 's only a start. What do you mean ? asked Miss Merrill and Mr. Quayle said Well I gather that what you want in a general way is a sort of life out of the pulp magazines with deserts and camels and flights at dawn and what not. Only you mustn't expect too much at first. I 've got to read it up. You 're talking like a fool said Miss Merrill. Don't I know it ! said Mr. Quayle. But just the same if the glamour and romance has gone out of me for you——. It certainly has said Miss Merrill. You 're a fool said Mr. Quayle but you 're a sweet fool so all right we 'll try it out. What do you mean ? asked Miss Merrill. Wait and see baby said Mr. Quayle.

Now there were several young men in town who were not satisfied with Miss Merrill's choice of a fiancé and one of them was Mr. George Prince. Mr. Prince was a weedy but sophisticated young gentleman with a small beard which he had coaxed into flowing under the sunlit skies of the rive gauche. But he was no fool. He was an instructor in Romance Languages. To anyone who listened for an evening to his stories of life in gay foreign capitals it was obvious that he had lived dangerously and loved deeply in all mondes—haut demi and bas. He even confessed modestly to three duels. Mr. Quayle had been vaguely aware of Mr. Prince for some time but in the light of Miss Merrill's outburst he came sharply into focus. Whether you took him seriously or not he was undeniably colourful. I wonder said Mr. Quayle if that little affliction is at the bottom of all this ? Well I guess I 've got to get some colour into life damn it !

So at three a.m. the following day Mr. Quayle drove over and left his car in the lane behind the Merrill house and threw some cinders from the drive in Miss Merrill's window and when she finally woke up and stuck her head out he said Come on out and take a ride. The circus is due this morning and we can go over to the fair grounds and watch them come in. What 's the matter with you Roger ? hissed Miss Merrill. Go on home and go to bed.

Well they had an argument and it had to be conducted in hisses because Mrs. Merrill was a little old-fashioned and finally Mr. Quayle said if she wouldn't come down he 'd come up. O all right darn you ! said Miss Merrill crossly. And she dressed and sneaked downstairs.

The fair grounds are on the other side of the lake and beyond them stretch the sand plains—a local phenomenon resembling the Sahara. The sun was just arranging an entrance over the plains and the whole sky looked like a bowl of well-illuminated tomato soup. And just as Mr. Quayle's car went through the fair ground gate a string of camels moved black across the dawn. Now there 's something romantic said Mr. Quayle. Let 's take a camel ride.

So they went over and dickered with the camel driver and presently they

(Concluded on page viii)

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Diplomats and Mountaineers

By V. S. Pritchett

DIPLOMACY is a dying profession. The years of grace have given place to an age of "blah," uplift and manifestos. Statesmen plot and whisper still, but they do it as near to the microphone as possible, with shouts across the sea. Sometimes, indeed, with guttural screams. The only consolation for the pain of the diplomat trained in more delicate traditions is that the megaphone can be just as secretive as a first secretary's handshake, and that an ideology can be as equivocal as an ambassador's assurance. The game hasn't really changed, but clumsier, uglier hands are playing it as the world moves from an age of taste to an age of faith.

For Signor Varè, in *Laughing Diplomat* (Murray; 16s.), the exquisite feat of his profession—one which he contemplates with the delight of an expert surgeon before a really beautiful cancer—was the Duke Avarna's in Vienna, before the war an ambassador to an ally which was going to turn on his country. It was merely a question whether the attack would be anticipated by the Italian betrayal. Signor Varè, with an old-world tact which enables him to live brilliantly up to his title, brings his book to a sardonic end shortly after the Disarmament Conference. I wonder if he has laughed much since?

Romantic, sentimental (in the lost good sense), sceptical, civilised and with an irresistible dash of Beau Danube in it, Signor Varè's book has all the graces of Mediterranean patience and Italian vivacity. He has, like all his countrymen, from Boccaccio onwards, a warm love of mischievous human nature as it is, with all its roguery; a greater tolerance of its virtues and vices than, I suspect, of its aspirations. The stream of stories which pours effortlessly out of Signor Varè's experience in Berlin, Vienna, Geneva and China are not merely good anecdotes, they are each perfect miniatures of persons, places and things. They remind me of nothing so much as those gay Italian designs on enamel. This lightness had to be won despite his profession. In Berlin when he was very young, a German general warned him that diplomacy would ruin his sense of humour and his digestion. "Diplomats' lives are made up of protocols and purgatives." The young man decided to grin at the office and make love on the way there. There were plenty of kind young women to put flowers in his buttonhole, flowers which raised the envious ambassadorial eyebrow; and for other amusement, there was the job of running the consulate in Vienna when the consul was on holiday. The place attracted eccentrics. One demanded, on threat of complaint to Rome, to be told the first verses in the eleventh canto of the *Purgatorio*; another, married to a girl thirty years younger than himself, came for aid because she was poisoning his coffee. It was suggested that he prepare the coffee himself! The Turkish War followed these gaieties. "I realised then, for the first time, how careless, how absent-minded and how indifferent to foreign affairs most governments really are. This explains why, in spite of polemics, every major crisis always takes them by surprise."

Daniele Varè — *Avery Slack*

The author of "The Maker of Heavenly Trousers," one of the most delightful and widely read of books with a Chinese theme, has now written his memoirs, and called the book "Laughing Diplomat." It is reviewed on this page. Signor Varè, although never posted to the Italian Embassy in London, is well known here, and since his retirement has spent part of each year in England

"BLANK ON THE MAP," by Eric Shipton (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.), and *Himalayan Assault*, the story of the French Himalayan expedition of 1936, by de Segogne, translated by Nea E. Morin (Methuen; 15s.), should be read together, for they are both concerned with the little-known country of the Karakoram range. The Frenchmen were out for altitude, and they decided upon Gusherbrum I., or Hidden Peak. The expedition cost them £11,000, and if the monsoon had not broken three weeks early (but it always does, as they know on Everest), and they had succeeded, the Frenchmen would have got an altitude record. It is refreshing to see the Himalayas, and particularly the mountain people, through sharp French eyes; less "jolly" than English writers, their prose less starchy and completely free of our expeditionary jargon. But Mr. Shipton has none of these faults either. I have gone dutifully through most of the Himalayan literature of recent years, and Mr. Shipton's book stands out as the most easily, simply and naturally written of the lot. He is an individualist of the new, light-travelling school; indeed, he is a drastic light traveller—he wouldn't take a kettle or forks! He sacrificed climbing to exploration and survey. He was near K.2 all the time, but he did not go up it, and I am fairly certain he would not have come down talking about the famous old lady of F.6 if he had done so. The core of the expedition was only 15 men: 4 whites—the other names are H. W. Tilman, J. B. Auden, and Michael Spender—7 of the delightful Sherpas, and 4 Baltis, though he, like the Frenchmen, had to draw on the goitred and mutinous wretches of the upper valleys for extra porterage. They lived on their stores for three and a half months. The narrative is full of character and movement, and Mr. Shipton's admirable statement of the purpose of mountaineering at the beginning of the book—"I feel that I am getting back to a way of living which is lost"—is vigorously and excitingly illustrated.

THE short stories of Mr. Erskine Caldwell are among the best that have come out of America, to which the art has migrated. I have read neither of his novels, but *Tobacco Road* is always praised. *Journeyman* (Secker and Warburg; 7s. 6d.) is another novel. It is about a lecherous, hard-drinking crook and gambler, a revivalist preacher by trade, who arrives like a blowfly among a lot of half-witted "poor whites" in the South, goes through his tricks, and, after a religious orgy, departs with the loot. Like all the Americans, Mr. Caldwell depends on dialogue, in this case the soft, half-Elizabethan shack talk of the whites; and his peculiar gift is for catching the restive sexual curiosity of an ignorant but crafty outcast people. Mr. T. F. Powys is the nearest in spirit to this kind of writer, but Mr. Caldwell is a rougher diamond. There is something tentative about the narrative, but there is one chapter where one of his rapscallions is caught looking through a hole in a fence (not at the kind of thing you might expect, but simply looking at the country through a hole, just to see what it looks like through a hole, and for hours on end), which is a brilliant piece of indigenous American humour, as ludicrous, as touching, as sardonic as anything in Mark Twain.

I RECOMMEND, in addition, the following satiric novels: *The Negroes Begin at Calais*, by Frederick Howard (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.); and *I Lost My Girlish Laughter*, by Jane Allen (Faber; 7s. 6d.).

Conversation Piece

by Elizabeth

Hi, taxi! Jump in, Jane. Knightsbridge, please: stop at Harrods. Well, my dear, it is good to see you, and you're looking marvellous, in spite of two years in Lagos. Feeling shabby, are you? Well, perhaps your clothes are just a little conspicuous; but never mind, we'll have a grand time shopping. You must have a fur coat, and, since you're going to be in London, I should advise black. It's always so smart. Well, here we are! Good morning! This lady would like to see some black coats. Let's sit down. Oh, do look at that perfectly lovely Persian lamb coat she's bringing. Try it on. Yes, it's perfect. The silver fox on the sleeves makes your shoulders broad and your hips slim, which is what you want. I adore the muff, and you could always wear it with other things. Of course you could have something cheaper, like Indian lamb, if you liked. It's very fashionable, but I think you would be wise to stick to this. You like my mink cape? I'm so glad. I bought it here, they always have such lovely furs. Well, are we ready? Thank you, and you'll send the coat to-morrow. Good morning

Scott Bushe

Scott Bushe

Nine Sharp

Jane! Can I come in? I thought perhaps you might like me to help you dress. Have you decided what you're going to wear? Do put on your lovely lace frock and create a real sensation. Take care your make-up doesn't rub off. Never mind about your hair, it's the lipstick I'm afraid of. What a heavenly dress it is! Aren't you glad we went to Jay's model department? I always love that shop, so much so that I make a point of walking through it every time I'm in Regent Street. Of course I think the idea of putting ivory lace over silver sequins is too ingenious for words, and the sari is just the thing for your rather statuesque type of beauty. Everything this year is so sumptuous, rich brocades, sequins, feathers and masses of frills and furbelows. Yes, I think you look charming, perhaps just a touch more rouge on the right cheek. That's enough. Now are we ready? I think the others have arrived. We had better have two taxis. I promised we should be there sharp at nine

Scott Bushe

Glamorous Night

How do you do. I 'm so sorry, I 'm afraid we are rather late, but we were held up in a traffic block along Piccadilly. May I introduce Jane, Mrs. Marsden. She 's just home on leave from Lagos. Oh, but how extraordinary ! So you were at school together ? Yes, of course you must go and look after everybody. Let 's move on, Jane. My dear, do look at that crinoline over there. Amazing, isn't it, and do you see that red dress without any shoulder straps. They are showing so many of those sort of frocks this season, and they 're perfectly respectable, though you might not think so. The bodice is heavily boned, which makes it self-supporting. I rather love that Venetian effect in green-and-gold brocade. Do notice those leg-o'-mutton sleeves and the high waist. With that full skirt she looks like a Florentine picture. Gorgeous, isn't it ? I see you 're looking at the fair girl in pink. I agree she is lovely, and how romantic ! A cloud of pink tulle over lamé, strewn here and there with those fascinating motifs. I know where she got it, too. Debenham and Freebody, in Wigmore Street. I saw it there the other day

What are you going to have, Jane, sherry or champagne cocktail? I think I'll have a cocktail, it will cheer me up. Look out! That wretched waiter nearly upset his tray down your back, which would have ruined your dress. You know, my dear, it really does look charming, and I think we should congratulate ourselves on having gone to Harvey Nichols, in Knightsbridge. It's so absolutely simple, and yet the brocade being so rich makes it look terrifically complicated. The colouring, of course, is truly Oriental, red and black with touches of gold. Have a salted almond, won't you, or one of those biscuits with cream cheese and walnuts? Ah, there's Rosemary feverishly introducing two arch enemies. Just the sort of thing I always do! Do you see her dress, though? Isn't it perfect! I wonder where she got it. Those insets of sunray pleating are rather clever, and I like the way the material is worked on both the dull and shiny side. You know, Jane, it's amazing really, how little fashions seem to have altered, and yet all last year's clothes look too utterly démodé. It must be because the changes this season are subtle rather than drastic. Have you noticed how short skirts have grown? That girl over there almost shows her knees. It's lucky her legs are so pretty

It's getting on for half-past seven. We shall have to leave soon, or we shall be late for dinner. My dear, do look at the hat which has just appeared, straight in front of you. It's exactly like what Queen Alexandra used to wear. Isn't it too enchanting! Nothing but a saucer of black velvet covered in small bows, and tied under the chin with a veil. She must have bought it at Gorringe's in the Buckingham Palace Road. I saw one just like it yesterday. Would it suit you? I'm sure it would, provided you piled your hair up like the Edwardians did. So many of the new hats demand that style of hairdressing. The one I'm wearing is just the same, perfectly flat and round. I bought it at Swan and Edgar, in Piccadilly, where I often go. The patent leather thonging over the crown and round the brim fascinated me. Of course it has a precarious appearance, but luckily there is a "cache peigne" in veiling to hold my hair

Distinguished Gathering

I 've been thinking, Jane, you really ought to have a fur-trimmed suit. They are so becoming and awfully practical. I saw one which I felt sure would suit you when I was in Oxford Street this morning. It was at Marshall and Snelgrove, in the coat and skirt department. The material was called wool Leda. It was black, lavishly trimmed with silver-fox. Perhaps you would like to go along and see it to-morrow ? I noticed at a dress show I went to the other day, how enormously fur was being used, especially Persian lamb. Several suits were trimmed with it, also hats, and, what surprised me still more, evening dresses. Yes, I know, it 's extraordinary isn't it ? The dress was in black lace with a full skirt edged with Persian lamb, and a bolero of the same fur. Just the thing for you, my dear, who feel the cold so

Jane ! Where are you ? We simply must go. Goodbye, Rosemary. It has been such a lovely party. Taxi ! Well, did you enjoy it ? I 'm so glad, those sort of shows can be quite amusing, and even though the people were rather dull, their clothes were quite the reverse. I agree with you about the hats this year. They 're absolutely fascinating. Did you see the woman standing next to me in a black dress with a small black felt tambourine covered in pink ostrich feathers. I admired it when we were introduced, and she told me it had come from Gorringe's. There were several postillion shapes, including an awfully smart one in black panne. Perhaps you missed it. The woman who wore it had a black coat and skirt with a white pin-stripe. I see you 're longing for a tricorne. So am I. Did you see the one in black velvet with a long floating veil ? I thought it was charming. Talking of high crowns, there was a very pretty woman standing on my right in a postillion with a hollow crown. It came from Swan and Edgar, I know, and was trimmed with ostrich plumes

Scott Bushe

The Wind and the Rain

Hallo, my dear! Did you sleep all right? Good, I'm so glad. Tea or coffee? and do help yourself to eggs and bacon or whatever there is. I've got a letter here from Susan asking us to go there for the week-end. She's having a house party with lots of amusing people. It might be rather fun. No clothes? I shouldn't worry about that, you can always get something between now and then. Could you pass the butter? Thank you. Yes, we'll go along to Jaeger's, in Regent Street. They have the loveliest tweeds, and as it's bound to be perishingly cold even at this time of year, I should get something really warm. Let me think now, what would suit you? I know, I remember seeing a most delightful suit in diagonal tweed and camel hair when I was in Jaeger's the other day. It had a rather square boxy coat with camel hair collar and cuffs. With it went a very attractive blouse, also in camel hair, which buttoned down the front, over the plain skirt

Have some more coffee, won't you? and do help yourself to cigarettes. I always enjoy my first smoke more than any other. Well, my dear, to go back to the question of your clothes, it seems to me you will need more than one suit. How about something with checks? They're wearing them so much this year, in all shapes and sizes. Personally I think you would look awfully nice in something rather gay such as cyclamen with navy or green and tan. You could have a plain skirt and a checked jacket, and you can always have a top coat in a heavier tweed. Well, I seem to have been laying down the law all through breakfast but clothes are always fascinating, and it is lovely to find someone who is really interested

Will you be ready to go out at about eleven? Meanwhile I will write to Susan and accept for next week-end. What am I going to take? Come upstairs and I will show you. It's a three-piece in jersey hopsack with a full-length cape. I bought it from the Jersey Shop at Dickins and Jones, in Regent Street. You should really go there some time, they are so good and not at all expensive. Here it is, do you like it? Yes, I know it looks and feels just like a soft tweed. Marvellous, isn't it! The jacket is like the one I was describing just now, close fitting and buttoning high at the neck. They had it in various colours, but I chose brown as being the most practical, and as you see the jacket is in that new shade of rose rust

Scott Bushe

the bystander turns in search of novelties

If you belong to the elfin type you should carry the gnome handbag sketched on the right. It is available in calf or suède and costs a guinea at Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, who are also showing the gondola model below. This is made in suède with gilt hinges, and costs fifty-five shillings

The return of the crinoline has brought about a revival in old-world accessories. Sketched above is a charming vanity box in the shape of an old French mirror. It is reproduced in gilt with baroque carving, and costs fifty-nine and sixpence at Ships, of Lansdowne Row

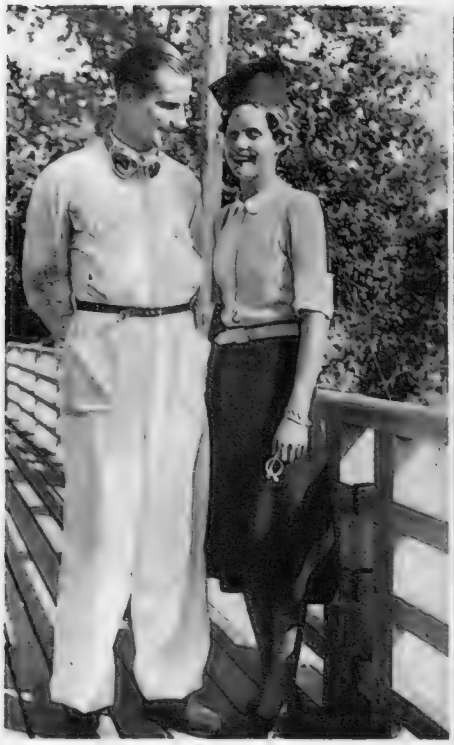
Extravagant head-dresses bursting with joie de vivre characterise Paquin's autumn collection. This absurd clown's hat, embroidered with seed pearls, is shown with a graceful picture frock in black face cloth. The tulle veil covering the shoulders should be drawn across the face like a yashmak

Crystal tear drops which sparkle with every movement add charm and distinction to this gold mesh evening bag, another Victorian revival. Ships are showing it in their collection of attractive accessories which include many new designs in costume jewellery

Charms from the pantry cupboard have inspired this amusing bracelet from Ships. It only costs 10s. 6d., and would enliven the plainest dress. Sketched on the other arm is a chain of painted bells which chime softly

This mad carnival hat adds a frivolous note to a black net dinner frock designed by Paquin, of Dover Street. It consists of a flat saucer in pleated felt topped by three nodding ostrich plumes. An elastic holds it firmly in position

Ears of wheat and brightly coloured field flowers make this enchanting head-dress which Paquin shows with his Spanish gipsy frock in black face cloth. The latter is cut with a swinging tiered skirt appliquéd with bunches of wild flowers in the same vivid colours



Dick Seaman and Fiancée

Richard John Beattie-Seaman, who won the German Grand Prix for the German Mercedes stable, is engaged to Frl. Erica Popp, of Munich. They were photographed at the Gran Premio d'Italia

Tazio Nuvolari and Wife

Signor and Signora Tazio Nuvolari were also photographed at the Gran Premio d'Italia, which he won for the German Auto-Union. The race was run round the Monza circuit near Milan

D. J. Rees Won the "News of the World" Golf

The "News of the World" takes no chance that pictures tournament shall appear without due acknowledgment. This Heath it was won by Donald Rees, who received his cheque from Lord Russell of Killowen. Between them stands "News chairman, Sir Emsley Carr; on the right sits runner-up

Howard Marshall on Sport

I AM writing this in a pub on the Hampshire Avon, pleasantly far from thoughts of the European crisis. We are a mixed company. A London taxi-driver. A film-producer. An artist. A couple of naval officers. A parson. And we are all of us fishermen, and all of us distressed.

It is not only that the river just now is phenomenally low and gin clear. We might as well be fishing in a bucket, but we are philosophically inclined towards such unkindly twists of fortune.

What does worry us is the undeniable deterioration of the Avon, which not so very long ago was still perhaps the greatest coarse fishing river in the country. Even now it holds fine fish, from monster pike to the stout barbel of Christchurch, from glass-case roach to the vast trout which appear in the mayfly season, to the honest angler's delight.

Those who know it of old, however, must agree that the head of fish has vastly diminished. For my part, I feel that in certain stretches, which used to be famous, the river is barely worth fishing, and that is a tragedy.

THERE must be reasons for this mysterious decline. I remember a time when I would almost guarantee a basket of fish, but now I go out expecting a blank day. Those who live on the river attribute this regression to two main causes: the effect of tar from the roads on spawn, and the activities of the Catchment Board.

There may be something in the road-tar theory, though it is difficult to prove. Certainly there was a nasty oily scum on the water when I went out this morning. As for the Catchment Board, they are concerned with flood prevention, a very necessary job.

They have just been through with their knives, stripping the river-bed of weed

Actors beat Musicians

Brian Egerton is one of the stage's keenest cricketers, has just left for Hollywood to winter with C. Aubrey Smith; he shakes hands with B.B.C. musical director, Bowker Andrews, after actors had beaten musicians in a Hampstead cricket match

The First Rugger Picture of the Season

The United Services opened their season by beating London Irish at Portsmouth by two goals, a drop goal, and a penalty goal (17) to a try (3). Although it was the first game played by either side this season, play was good. Here J. Daly, a London Irish forward, is trying to get clear after a good pick-up in the loose

Saracens beat Wasps

O. S. Ruane and G. T. Burke were the opposing captains when the Wasps met the Saracens at the latter's ground at Winchmore Hill. The home team won by eight points to nil

...ournament

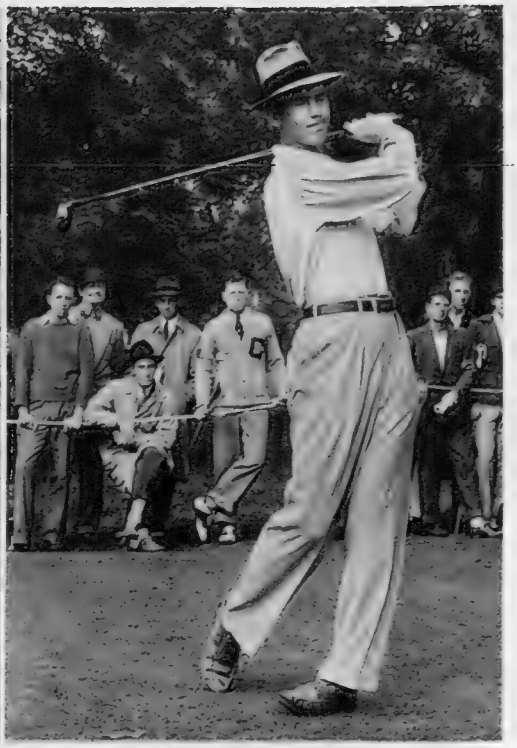
... its match-play ...r at Walton ... local captain, ... the World"s ... E. Whitcombe

Season's Feat

Alfred Perry testified strikingly to the accuracy of modern golf when he won the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament at Wentworth with four rounds all under 70—aggregate, 273

American British Champion

Charles Yates, seen here with Miss Jane Wilson, was competing in the American amateur championship at Oakmont, Penna., but did not do so well there as here, going out in the third round



Golfing Tennis Player

Another competitor for the American amateur golf title was Ellsworth Vines, the lawn tennis player. The Championship was full of surprises, for the acknowledged aces went down early, and the final was between two little-known players, W. Turnesa and B. Abbott. Turnesa won

entirely. This indiscriminate weed-cutting deprives the fish of food and shelter, and alters the whole character of the river. The Board, doubtless with worthy enough objects in view, are doing their best to turn the Avon into a canal. Old tree stumps projecting from the bank, which used to form just the sort of eddy where you could be certain of picking up a fish, are gone.

It is, as I say, a tragedy. It will in due course affect the living of many an inn-keeper, and of all those who minister in one capacity or another to the needs of the angler along the Avon valley. This, at any rate, is the way the talk has gone round the bar-parlour table to-night, and very dismal hearing it makes.

I am well content with humbler fish. Grayling, for example, on a mild September day; and if you feel that you are doing a trout stream a good service by removing grayling, how pleasantly does virtue attend upon enjoyment.

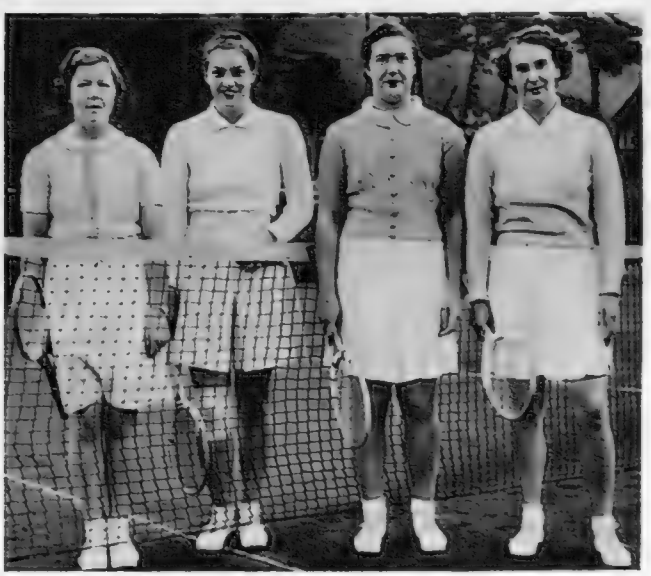
But there—I must leave my fishing, and look to less peaceful fields of sport. The Rugby Football Annual for 1938-9 has just appeared on my table, in a new format and fresh type. And the first thing my eye happened upon in this excellent and comprehensive production, this Wisden of the Rugby world, was an article on Public School Rugby by Mr. C. Burton. A good article, and it contains one exceedingly ominous sentence. "Among fifty-odd forwards," says Mr. Burton, "recommended to the writer for inclusion in the Rosslyn Park Public Schools matches, only one was described as able to play in any row of the pack."

Now that seems to me a most significant and deplorable fact. I am quite certain that schoolboy forwards should not be allowed to specialise in the scrummage. They should learn a forward's job thoroughly, and "First up, first down" should be the only principle of packing. The thought of back-row forwards doing their fly-by-night stuff in a school match fills me with horror.

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Lowland Lawn Tennis Players at Peebles

Sitting on the bench at Peebles after the Lowland Championships had finished were Miss Margaret Taylor, Donald McPhail, Champion of Scotland and singles winner at Peebles, Miss M. E. Smart, Donald Butler, Davis Cup player, and Miss Molly Welsh, Scotland's youngest international and daughter of Mrs. Robin Welsh, seven times Scottish woman champion



Winners and Runners-Up

In the women's doubles final at Peebles Miss H. Macalister and Miss I. Paterson lost to Miss Jean Saunders and Miss Valerie Scott. The last won all three Lowland titles, and it is probable that this winter she and Miss Saunders will be sent with a team to South Africa, to gain experience

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Coombe Hill Revisited

I VISITED the Coombe Hill Golf Club a few weeks ago and found that many alterations and improvements had been carried out since my previous visit. The Club House has been enlarged and completely reorganised, and must now be one of the most comfortable and convenient in the country.

When you arrive at the club and walk through the Club House on to the course you look across the valley to where the course of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club is situated, and find it very difficult to believe, as you will no doubt have been told by reliable people, that Hyde Park Corner is only nine miles away. You seem to be miles in the country, and the landscape appears to consist almost entirely of trees and grassland.

Not only is the course situated in delightful surroundings, but it also provides good and interesting golf, and you would not expect it to be otherwise when you know that it was designed by the late Mr. J. F. Abercromby, who started and ran the golf club, and only left it to design the golf courses at Addington, and to bring into existence a golf club which is now well known all over the world. Since the course at Coombe Hill was first designed only the slightest alterations have been carried out to the original plans. The course measures 6281 yards, and, as several holes finish uphill, is long enough for even the best players propelling the ridiculous projectile with which you play the game at the present time, and which even the weak and senile can jerk so far that walking after it becomes wearisome and tiring.

There are four one-shot holes: the sixth, the ninth, the twelfth and the seventeenth; of these the ninth and twelfth are particularly good holes, which, besides playing well, look very pleasing, especially as they both have fine backgrounds of beautiful trees. In fact, most of the greens at this course have delightful backgrounds. The course also has the enormous advantage of being situated on sandy soil with gravel below, consequently it is always dry and play can be resumed in pleasant conditions after the heaviest rain.

At the time of my visit the course was in really good playing condition; I have heard from some friends who have played there since my visit that at the present time it is in even better condition.

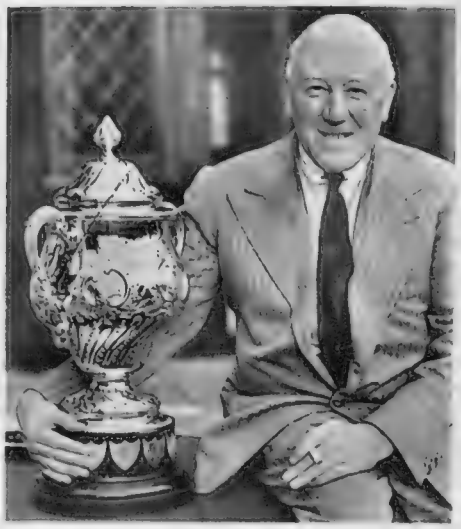
A new greenkeeper, T. Martin, from Luffness, was appointed to Coombe Hill in August last, and already the results of his labours are clear to those who have not played on this course since his arrival. The greens are now quite as good as those on any other course in the south of England. The first tee is very close to the Club House and in view of the various lounges and sitting-rooms, consequently players can wait indoors in comfort until it is their turn to drive off, instead of shivering on the first tee.

Members of the Royal Family have always enjoyed paying visits to the Coombe Hill Golf Club, where they can play in peace and quiet after their short run from London. His Majesty the King used to go there, when Sandy Herd was the Club professional, for lessons, and was told in broad Scotch, amongst other things, to keep his royal stomach in. Our late King played there frequently when he was Prince of Wales, with Archie Compston, the present professional, from whom his Royal Highness took numerous lessons, not only on the course at Coombe Hill, but also at Sunningdale and St. Andrews. At the present time H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, whose term of office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club ends this week, pays occasional visits, when he finds he is in need of relaxation from his numerous and onerous duties to the country.

It was at Coombe Hill that Sandy Herd did many of his 19 holes in one stroke. It is rumoured that if he does 20 holes in one stroke an American will present him with a gold golf club. I played with Sandy on this course shortly after the war, when he did four holes in two strokes in one round. He started with two twos. At the first hole he played a poor drive and then holed a mashie shot, and at the second, which in those days was much shorter than it is at the present time, he put his tee shot stone dead.

Those who do not care a blow about the course so long as the lunch is good (and although their name may not be Legion, it certainly is not Handful), will be interested to know that the kitchens have been entirely rebuilt and fitted out with all the modern appliances for cooking and storing food.

The golf course at Coombe Hill is so accessible that it is very easy for anyone living in London to have an evening round there in comfort in the summer after a full day's work in the City.



Winner of the "Sphere" Cup

E. W. Barney, who won the invitation golf tournament at Addington organised by the "Sphere," is seen with the trophy

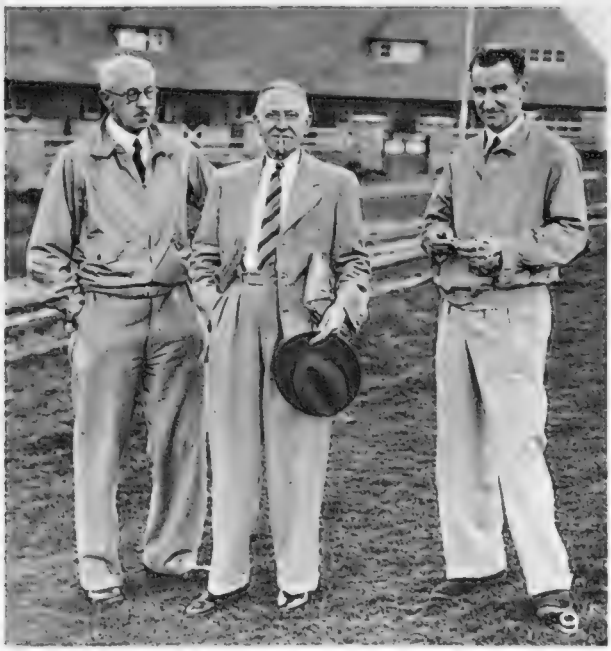
The Club-house at Coombe Hill Golf Club

The Ninth Tee and Green at Coombe Hill

Golf Clubs at Home

Cotswold Hills, near Cheltenham

This club was formed in 1902, with a membership of about 65 which has now grown to 450. The course lies off the Cheltenham-Winchcombe road on a fine stretch of hill, whence views stretch over the Severn Valley to the Malverns and the Welsh hills. A new clubhouse has recently been added to the amenities at Cotswold Hills, and the course, extended in 1927, has been completely remodelled



(1) W. Simpson. (2) W. E. C. Offer (secretary). (3) P. Jewell (committee). (4) J. J. Cole (committee). (5) K. O. Marshall. (6) A. H. Adcock. (7) R. Garfield. (8) Clifford Mortimer. (9) H. Jackson, A. F. Evans (hon. treasurer) and H. C. Slade. (10) H. F. Parker (professional) and Monty Hall (steward)

In the Making

By Eleanor E. Helme

IF, perched on the top of a volcano whose manifestations one is powerless to control, one thinks of other things, let nobody presuppose indifference to the volcano. English folk make a habit of discussing sport at such moments: let us do so now.

Anybody at Euston the other day must have wondered what five-and-twenty women golfers, with not a club between them, were doing there. In particular, why had one of these been so filled with energy as to travel all night from Scotland, only to be turning north again two hours later? The answer was that this was a party bound for Fort Dunlop, at Birmingham, to see how golf balls are made; filled, in fact, with the "'satiable curtiosity" of the elephant's child. Travelling up, the talk was chiefly dismay over the result of the Curtis Cup: disgust at our loss, after leading by 2½ to ½ on the foursomes, with a hundred conjectures as to the how and why. Coming down, it was almost exclusively of the wonders inspected, for none of us had ever seen how a golf ball was evolved from a little liquid rubber, some hundred yards of rubber thread, a cover of thin gutta-percha, and several sprayings of paint; nor imagined even vaguely the ingenuity and accuracy of it all, the number of processes and checkings, the human as well as mechanical dexterity that comes into play before the ball is finally tucked up in its wrapping and finished with its label by a machine which seemed almost the most ingenious of them all.

WE looked at those balls, so new and shining; we gasped over the statistics of how many thousands—yes, thousands—a girl could trim in a day; and then we thought sadly of how many would come to an untimely end, maybe, amongst the whins of Aldeburgh, and beneath the waters of Ranelagh.

Nor did our illuminating golfing experiences end here, for before the day was over, the mechanical golfer was inspected at work, testing balls down the work's sports grounds. Very comforting it was to see that even a mechanically driven ball was deflected by the wind; and more than amazing to hear that Joyce Wethered, on visiting Ford Dunlop and driving balls against the robot, was even more accurate than it. And that at the end of an hour or so, when men professionals were mopping their brows with fatigue, she was still fresh and hitting the ball with vigour. Doesn't that show the perfection of her timing and rhythm, and that a fury of hitting helps no woman?

All extraordinarily interesting. We shall handle a golf ball with greater wonder and respect, as well as interest, henceforth.

AFTER which came three days' family golf at Burhill, Fathers and Daughters and Mothers and Sons in a knock-out scratch tournament. A good many critics maintain that this would be bigger and better as a handicap event; it would certainly give a chance for some of the more elderly parents or tender-yeared offspring to rub shoulders with the great and not be knocked over too roughly in the process.

Having written that, however, the fact makes itself apparent that the winning couple, scratch though the event was, contained the youngest competitor there, to wit, Elizabeth Price, who won the Craig bogey challenge cup in the Girls' Championship this year, and is aged no more than fifteen years and eight months. She has a handicap of 5 now; better than that, she has a father who puts the putts in from all over the place, and the pair were quite irresistible. They had the Raworths to their bag, after these had put up the most brilliant of golf against Mrs. Holder (Miss Nancy Halsted) and her father. The Prices won on the last green, and were round in 74; then they beat the Cowans, and then the Mackenzies, the runners-up of last year, who had taken their revenge the day before on the Stroyans.

Central England Foursomes

The Central England mixed foursomes were played at Woodhall Spa with the result that Miss Diana Taylor (Seacroft) and Mr. R. Weston-Webb (Leicester) won, with Lady Doria Neumann and W. J. B. Girardet (Sunningdale) as runners-up

ELIZABETH PRICE has quite obviously the makings of a first-class golfer, and England, as represented by seven girls, may well be very glad of her next year at Stoke Poges. It was possible to think that as a pair they took too long over the shots, particularly on the green, but it is to be expected that the Girls of Stoke will stand no tiresomeness of that sort, and that Elizabeth will be playing at a reasonable pace there and in the wider fields where she should flourish in due course.

One of the pluckiest shows of the week was that of the Finlays, mother and son, reaching the semi-final, for the son was only just playing again after something as near a broken spine as may be without being killed, and a quite broken ankle. He played mighty good golf, too, only breaking down in the end over the putts, a department of the game on which the whole family justly prides itself.

AND now what? Aldeburgh, Ranelagh and Roehampton, Worplesdon, Providence so willing. Ranelagh has a galaxy of stars this year, no fewer than four pairs with a joint handicap of one. All of them well capable of playing to it, moreover. Yet Ranelagh so often puts the mighty in their place, and if I had to do anything so rash as go nap on anybody, it would not be one of these, but a certain couple with a joint allowance of 10, or another totalling 14. Who these may be is not for me to say: there are plenty of pairs answering to that description.

Ladies at Fort Dunlop

Lady golfers recently paid a visit of inspection to Fort Dunlop, when this picture was taken. Centre is Mr. C. F. Griffin, Dunlop's golf-ball director, with Miss Wanda Morgan next him. The others include Mrs. Stocks, Miss Vanson, Miss Enid Wilson, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Drysdale, Miss Sutton, Mrs. Hargreaves, Mrs. Wilfrid Walker, Miss T. Hamilton, Mrs. Gilligan, Miss Eleanor Helme, Miss Brennan, Mrs. Rosemary Selwyn, Miss Beasley, Miss R. Morgan, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Summerville, Mrs. King, Miss J. Jackson, Miss Oswald, Miss Jennings, Mrs. Golden, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Miller, Mr. S. G. Ball and Mr. A. O. Walker

L.M.S. Centenary

Councillor Canning, Lord Mayor of Birmingham, opened the exhibition at Euston for the centenary of the London and Birmingham Railway, now the L.M.S. He, Lord Stamp, and the Mayor of St. Pancras spoke from umbrellas on Platform No. 6, the departure platform of 1838

The Lion Leaves Euston 100 Years Late

The Lion is said to be the oldest locomotive in the world that can still go under its own steam. Built in 1838, it made the London-Birmingham journey in the scheduled time of 5½ hours. Progress was demonstrated by 114-m.p.h. streamlined "Duchess of Gloucester," later driven out by Lord Stamp, which does the trip in two hours

Railroad Styles of 1838

Maurice Chevalier, behind a mule and under a crash helmet, raced Charles Pelissier, famous French cyclist, so that Parisians should contribute their francs to the Maison de Retraite de Ris-Orangis—at a fete at the Buffalo Stadium, Paris

Below: A.R.P. enthusiasm reached a high pitch at Miss Dorothy Laura Treacher's wedding to Mr. W. C. Clements, both of Gillingham, Kent. She is secretary and he is assistant to the local A.R.P. officer. Groom and best man wore gas-masks, an anti-gas-dressed guard of honour carried incendiary-bomb scoops

The Lighter Side

Chevalier Goes Mule Racing

Below: the midget cow is American, of course. Otto Gray, of Stillwater Farm, Oklahoma, has raised eight of them, 33 inches high, 400 lbs. heavy, and giving 5 gallons of milk a day. Milk is reported high in butter-fat content. Milker sits on tile, uses special low pail

In the Air To-day

By Charles Ward

Dual Control

IMPOSSIBLE as it is to secure exact details of progress in countries governed by a dictator, one fact is obvious—money is spent primarily on those things considered essential for the stability of the State. We need above all things to be supreme in the air, both for defence and for trade. The dream about world disarmament, heralding an era of universal peace, led us to neglect our air defences. Lack of vision is responsible for much delay in making ourselves first in civil or commercial aviation. People ask why the British Prime Minister flies to Germany in an American aeroplane with American engines. The answer is that no British landplane of comparable speed and size was available. Any apparent loss of prestige is excused by saying that our aircraft industry has been so busy on rearmament that it has had no time for civil aviation. This is a half-truth, the other being the lack of money put up for the development of the civil side. The Air Ministry labours under the disability of dual control, with a qualified pilot in each cockpit. The one in charge of Service aviation is the senior, and he has forgotten for long periods of time that his colleague in the back cockpit needs practice in order to do his job. We are in arrears with our defence programme because the country hoped to be spared the horrors of another European war and therefore saw no point in an all-powerful Air Arm. We have been dependent on the States for a few civil aircraft because insufficient money has been put up over here to keep us progressively supplied with up-to-the-minute types. Isn't it timely to realise that flying has altered the balance of power, both for defence and for trade, for ever? No money should be spared to give us air supremacy, which is much more than mere parity, over any other country. Knowing that we are pacifists in the true sense of the word, no one could offer reasonable objection. If it is proved not too late to expand the R.A.F., and many thousands of recruits and aircraft are still needed, the commercial side will have an opportunity to show its value for peace.

The Empire Air Base

THERE are serious doubts that a strip of Southampton Water will be safe under all weather conditions as the home base for Empire flying-boats. It should be obvious that these need unrestricted water-space for taking-off and landing—conditions which Langstone Harbour seemed to offer. The obstacle to the latter project was one of finance. Portsmouth Council objected to bearing so large a proportion of the expense when the country as a whole would receive the benefits. London should take its share and the Government should provide the major portion from public funds. How such a state of affairs that Imperial Airways is still operating from an improvised base could be allowed to continue, is difficult to say. In New York, something in the order of £3,000,000 is being spent on a metropolitan base to serve the city, in particular and the United States as a whole. The immediate excuse or reason for spending this vast sum is the World's Fair, for which preparations are being made on a gigantic scale. Our reason or excuse for an adequate base is much more prosaic. We need it to cater for Empire trade in the future. Already the loads offered to Imperial Airways are taxing its resources to the limit. European traffic is negligible by comparison with that to Africa, India, Australia, and the Far East. The demand is outstripping the supply of aircraft and pilots. The "Ensign" is one of the civil types delayed in delivery by attention to armaments or lack of foresight on the part of the Government to force civil progress by making additional grants. "Heracles," veteran landplane liner, is still in Imperial Airways' service as a first-class type after seven years' work. During this period it has flown 1,250,000 miles, equal to fifty times round the world at the Equator. "Albatross" troubles have been eliminated after the overload failure at Hatfield, and deliveries are expected in a few weeks. Swift progress with the de Havilland 95, first all-metal type to be made by this company, is expected. These will be needed to replace "Dragons," "Rapides," and "Expresses," hundreds of which are in use over here, in the Empire, and foreign countries.

Speed and Distance

AIR speed has taken almost second place since recent events in America, where Eyston and Cobb have travelled at six miles a minute on land. It is true that the absolute speed record is held by an Italian seaplane, but the margin between land and air speed is a narrow one. As far as British records go, the Rolls-Royce and Napier engines used in the two cars are of the aero type, so that lessons learnt from the air or land can be, or are, applied to development in either sphere. An attack on the landplane speed record is probably to be deferred till next year, when more experience has been obtained with the "Spitfire" fighter, our fastest interceptor. The distance record may have been won by "Mercury" when these notes are read. The composite aircraft is assembled in Scotland and awaits a good weather report for a flight to Cape Town by its upper half. Imperial Airways describe the flight as one of good will, but, in fact, it is a record attempt, of interest to the R.A.F. as well as for planning future mailplanes. Absolute distance is dependent solely on the amount of fuel that can be carried. During a recent flight across the States by Major Seversky, during which he travelled from coast to coast in ten hours, his 'plane was virtually a flying petrol tank, there being no room for anything but fuel.

Coming Events

THE fifth international congress on Aerial Survey opens in Rome to-morrow. Here is an application of flying which can be entirely pacific. Maps are needed for any development of the land and a picture from the air forms the most logical base on which to draw a map. Wing Commander Laws, from the Williamson Manufacturing Company, is a delegate from this country. His experience of aerial survey dates back to the last war, since when he has been developing the air camera or actually engaged in directing survey work. Every country benefits by the advancement in the science of mapping from the air. The most striking example this month has been the location of the path of a huge meteorite in Siberia, where the country was impassable for an ordinary survey on foot. On October 8th the Secretary of State will declare open the new aerodrome for Cambridge. The party season is upon us, with the Northants Club Ball on the 14th, the South Coast Flying Club Dinner and Dance at the Grand, Brighton, on the 15th, and the Brooklands Four Club event at Grosvenor House on November 18th. The state of Europe permitting, there is the Aero Show in Paris from November 18th to December 4th, a function which no flying enthusiast likes to miss.

The British Airways' record-breaking liner leaving Heston for Germany with the Prime Minister on board

1939 ROVER

The Rover 1939 Programme embodies a host of interesting new refinements and improvements. Its most important feature is the introduction of a new Fourteen, which sums up the experience gained in building high quality six cylinder cars. The Ten Saloon design is now in line with the larger models, and incorporates the familiar built-in luggage compartment. Synchro-mesh gears are now combined with the successful Rover Free Wheel on all models and the six cylinder models have Anti-Roll Stabilisers fitted to both front and rear axles for increased stability at high speeds. May we send you a copy of the new Rover catalogue?

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

"Bira" at the pits: *this quick change and refuel for Prince Birabongse took place during the B.R.D.C. 200 miles race at Brooklands, which he won in a 1½-litre E.R.A. His cousin, Prince Chula of Siam, who runs "Bira's" stable, marries English Elisabeth Hunter next month*

And now for *the* race of the year! Last year's International Grand Prix at Donington was a revelation to British enthusiasts. The spectacle and *noise* of the German cars flashing round the course set the blood tingling in our veins—and last year it was German against German. Next Saturday the German cars have to contend with some very real opposition, for, encouraged by their success in the Italian Grand Prix, Alfa Corse have entered two 16-cylinder G. P. Alfa-Romeos to be driven by Farina and Biondetti. In addition, Ecurie Bleue have entered a couple of 4½-litre, 12-cylinder Delahayes which will be handled by Dreyfus and Raph.

As to the German teams, the Mercedes cars will be driven by Caracciola, von Brauchitsch, Lang and our own Dick Seaman, while Auto-Unions bring with them Hasse, Müller, Kautz, and the one and only Nuvolari—what a feast!

The British contingent comprises Earl Howe, Cotton, Dobson, Aitken, Connell and Wilson on E.R.A.'s; Robin Hanson on (surprisingly) an Alta; Maclure with his Riley—the only non-supercharged car in the race—and Cudden Fletcher's M.G.

Last year's winner (the late Bernd Rosemeyer with an Auto Union) averaged 82·86 m.p.h. With new formula cars this year, it will be interesting to compare Saturday's speed with that of last year. In my opinion this year's race will be at least as fast as was the 1937 event. A vast crowd of spectators is absolutely certain to flock to the Leicestershire course next Saturday. If you want to park your car against the rails, take my advice and get to the course not later than 11 a.m.

It is an ironic thought that, in this year of disgrace one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, when the idea of a motor tour on the Continent is one fraught with such untoward possibilities, there should have been a plethora of books and booklets designed particularly for the assistance of British motorists in foreign parts.

In the beginning was Dudley Noble's very valuable *G.B.—Touring Abroad*; then came a number of less ambitious efforts, and now I have before me an exceedingly helpful little booklet of useful phrases for motorists in far places. The average "Handy-phrase" booklet is so lamentably un-handy when it comes to a show-down that the present volume, entitled *Bon Voyage* and produced by the Asiatic Petroleum Company—an associated concern of Shell-Mex—comes as a grateful change. Recently I went with a party of fellow-journalists on a tour of inspection of the German autobahnen—the trip was under the auspices of the Cement and Concrete Association—and one of the party had possessed himself of a "Handy-phrase" booklet of the old type. I borrowed it. I opened it. The "handy" phrase which greeted me was: "Wait—I will tie the umbrellas together"!

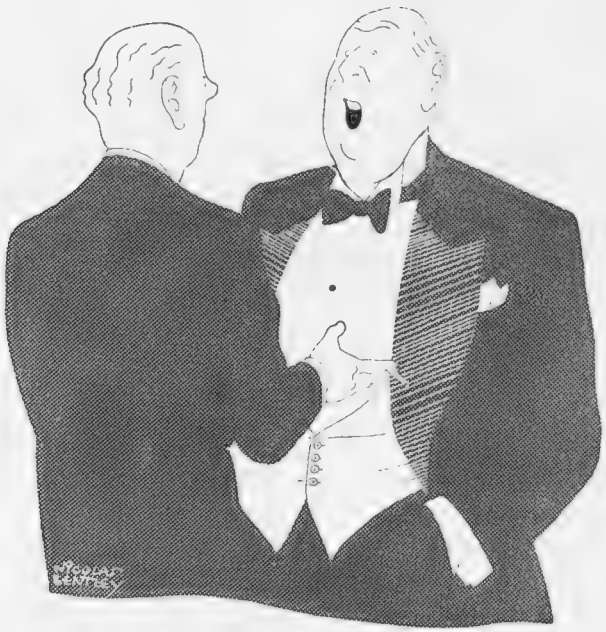
You see what I mean . . .

In *Bon Voyage*, however, we are given a mine of really *useful* phrases, arranged for use at the service station or petrol pump; in the repair shop; on the road; at the

(Concluded on page iv)

Some phrases seldom ring true

"In my humble opinion"



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Wolseley cars are manufactured at Ward End, Birmingham, by Wolseley Motors Ltd., distributed in London by Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, and exported by M.I.E. Ltd., from Oxford.

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page ii)

customs; at the hotel, etc., while currencies and a most lucid conversion table are included together with illustrations of the road signs of various countries and (a most novel feature) a "bon appétit" map, showing you what to eat and drink in every district of Europe. And the price of this unique pocket-size encyclopædia of travel? Threepence, my masters—three copper coins—obtainable from Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., P.O. Box No. 148, Shell-Mex House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2.

Yes, this *is* a free puff—I admit it—and it is awarded on merit!

RAYMOND MAYS does have the foulest luck in his Brooklands races! To be leading by about a quarter of a mile up to within a minute of the finish of a 200 miles race and then to lose through engine trouble—surely ill-fortune had marked him down for "treatment" at the B.R.D.C. meeting!

Before racing started, Humphrey Cook complained to me that the fitting of the type of silencer required by the Brooklands regulations seriously upsets the running of the new E.R.A.—in point of fact, he mentioned that it increases the engine temperature by so much as twenty degrees—and I am wondering whether perhaps this had some connection with the trouble which lost Mays the race, for at the finish it was found that every drop of water had boiled away.

A new Daimler: *this is the 2½-litre six-light saloon for 1939, with a larger engine that results in an enhanced performance. Daimlers have recently been honoured again by the King who has ordered a new "Straight Eight," through Stratstones, of Pall Mall*

REALLY, it is extraordinary what creatures of habit some of us are! I dropped a bad brick recently over the air, and the cause was—force of habit. It was during a talk in the Sports News Bulletin after the B.R.D.C. race. Follett, you will remember, led for most of the way in his Railton and ultimately finished second in the Outer Circuit Race at the handsome average speed of 107·80 m.p.h. Well, although I had "Railton" in my script right enough, when it came to saying it, my voice ran on ahead of my brain and apparently I told a palpitating world that Follett had finished second in his *Alvis*! Frankly, I feel there are extenuating circumstances for the slip. During the past eight or more years, Follett must have spent tens of thousands of pounds in linking his name with that of the Alvis car, both in advertising and in racing. In my Brooklands commentaries as well as through the B.B.C. "mike," I must have used the words "Charles Follett—Alvis" scores of times—and now, for no apparent reason, unless it be to put me in a "spot," he suddenly pops up with a Railton. Ah, well!—it all goes to show the value of consistency . . . so long as you go on being consistent! I only wish Follett had!

AN important addition to London garaging facilities has been made by the opening of the big new Savoy Hotel Adelphi garage. It was opened last week with the object of providing a complete service—garage, car-washing, and repairs—for customers of the hotel and others. It is situated under the new Adelphi building, and its single floor-space, covering an area of 57,000 square feet, accommodates 450 cars. It is provided with all the most modern equipment and rapid entrance and exit are ensured by five ramps, controlled from the central office. Its situation, within a short distance of a number of theatres and in a district where garage accommodation was previously inadequate, renders it of particular value to car-owners.

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South Seas at Buxton: *the new swimming pool at the Palace Hotel, Buxton, has murals aiming at a South Sea atmosphere. Aiding them are a constant temperature, artificial sunlight, ozonated water*

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 509)

Shoving and scrummaging should be instilled at school; the frills can be added later, when the habit of really hard work has become thoroughly ingrained.

This is a matter of the utmost importance, and the evidence of forward specialisation produced by Mr. Burton is ominous for the future of the game. The clubs look to the schools for much of their material, but apparently it arrives entirely out of shape.

Among players from the schools who will be worth watching is D. M. Strathie, a stand-off half from Rugby who goes up to Oxford this term. Strathie has been compared to a young Cliff Jones, and if that is anywhere near the truth, Oxford are in luck.

PERSONALLY, my thoughts turn more to golf than Rugby football at the moment, for I have just heard of Alfred Perry's astonishing performance in winning the Dunlop Metropolitan tournament with four rounds under 70. Such consistency is amazing, even in a game where the masters seem to have whittled the margin of error to so slender a minimum.

In that same tournament there was Henry Cotton's round of 64, which might, with a shade of luck, have been 59, but we will say nothing about that. It was just necromancy, and if I let it prey on my mind I shall go out and burn those most unreliable clubs of mine.

What astonishes the ordinary player like myself is the way these champions ram home their putts. A five-yarder is easy money, whereas to me it would be a glorious triumph. And perhaps I get more fun out of it at that.

IN the boxing world there seems to be a certain amount of activity among optimistic promoters. By the time you read these notes, Jack Doyle will just about have finished his little argument with Eddie Phillips, and the heavy-weight situation should show that amount of clarification. I see, by the way, that Charlie Smith has evinced a desire to fight Doyle, and I don't doubt that Charlie's long left could find its way to Doyle's nose accurately enough even now.

Charlie Smith was a grand type of fighter, and I shall always remember a night at Cardiff when he gave Jack Petersen a wonderful lesson in boxing for fourteen rounds. It was only in the last round that Petersen, with his future at stake, somehow found the strength to rally tremendously, and land a knock-out blow. And now, possibly, another young Welshman is on the road to fame and fortune—George James, whose following in Wales is no less than Petersen's used to be five years ago.

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She Asked For It

(Continued from page 499)

were moving out across the sand plains at a bone-dislocating walk. Miss Merrill thought it was fun at first but then she began to look thoughtful and pretty soon she said this Motion is awful. I'm going to be sick. S-s-s-h! said Mr. Quayle. S-s-s-h! What are you shushing me for you idiot? said Miss Merrill. It means *giddap* in camel said Mr. Quayle. If we can get them to trot it will be easier. So they both shushed the camels who broke into a swaying lope that was much smoother.

Let 's go to Eagle's Nest for breakfast said Mr. Quayle. It 's five miles said Miss Merrill and the man said not to go far. Mr. Quayle looked round. The gesticulating camel driver was already nearly hull-down on the horizon. S-s-s-h! said Mr. Quayle.

Well they got to Eagle's Nest all right but they had both forgotten the word for *whoa*. There goes our breakfast said Mr. Quayle as they swept by. I 'm sick of this Roger said Miss Merrill. I want to get off. What 's the matter with you? demanded Mr. Quayle. Here you 've been yelling for adventure——. I itch said Miss Merrill. I think this camel has fleas. I know darn well this one has said Mr. Quayle but we nomads have to take the bitter with the sweet. And he began to sing.

And at the first words of the song the camels stopped. Well well said Mr. Quayle. What power hath song! I want to get off Roger said Miss Merrill monotonously. I want to get off. I don't know how to make them kneel said Mr. Quayle. I guess the best way down is to sort of glissade. He tried and came down right side up. After a moment Miss Merrill tried. But she wasn't so lucky. She scrambled up angrily before Mr. Quayle could help her and dashed off toward a hot-dog stand that was on the lake road a hundred yards away. Mr. Quayle lit a cigarette.

In a few minutes she came back and said defiantly I called up George—he 's coming after me. But all Mr. Quayle said was I expect the little wart was delighted. Yes he was said Miss Merrill and you needn't be so darn superior about him either. She broke off and clawed at the waistband of her slacks. O those fleas she said. They 're pretty bad said Mr. Quayle wriggling. We 're right opposite that little beach. Let 's go in and wash the pests off. But we haven't any bathing suits she said. What of it? said Mr. Quayle. There 's nobody around this early and Faithful George the Pride of the Boulevards can't get here for half an hour.

The camels followed them superciliously down to the water. Miss Merrill vanished behind a bush from which she presently crept into the green water. Mr. Quayle cast off his clothes behind another bush and followed. Suddenly Miss Merrill shrieked and pointed toward the shore. One of the camels was making off with her dark red slacks. Damn! said Mr. Quayle this craving for colour in life seems to be practically universal. He dashed ashore then up through the woods to the road. Far away across the plains he saw the two beasts loping for home and from the mouth of the leader dangled the slacks.

Mr. Quayle hurried back and began pulling on his clothes. Have to get you some pants he said to Miss Merrill whose head floated mournfully a few feet from shore. I 'll be right back.

But he wasn't. It took some time to persuade the couple who ran the stand to sell him trousers and when he came back with them dangling over his arm it was to find Mr. Prince's car at the roadside. Mr. Quayle hesitated a moment then plunged down through the trees. From behind Miss Merrill's bush an agitated face popped up. Quayle! cried Mr. Prince. She 's nowhere about! Her clothes are here but I can't find her. Mon Dieu! If you 've gone off and left her to swim here alone in these treacherous waters——. Ces eaux perfides eh? said Mr. Quayle. Well I couldn't very well stay. O don't stand talking! said Mr. Prince. Do something! Do it yourself said Mr. Quayle. I can't swim. But there 's an old submerged dock about a hundred yards down that 's the only place anyone could get caught. If you tried there——

Already Mr. Prince was tearing off his clothes. Always correct he retained his bright Parisian underwear as he plunged into the water. Quick darling! said Mr. Quayle who had noticed a slight ripple in the still water behind a rock in the other direction. He seized Mr. Prince's trousers dropping in exchange the rather musty ones which he had purchased and then scooped up Miss Merrill's clothes and tossed the whole bundle to her as she slipped out of the water and behind a tree. Three minutes later he dragged her in beside him as he trod on the starter of Mr. Prince's car and ignoring her protests headed for the fair grounds where he found the camel driver perplexedly examining the prize which his pets had delivered to him.

And how about Mr. Prince? Well, Mr. Prince had come ashore to find his trousers his car and Mr. Quayle vanished. His legs almost refused to go into the musty trousers but at last with a strong shudder he got them on. At the roadside stand he learned that Miss Merrill and Mr. Quayle had just driven off. As his money was all in his trousers there was nothing to do but walk back home.

Well he had got to Eagle's Nest when he met his car driven by Miss Merrill. O George! she said. I 'm so sorry about all this. It was a silly trick of Roger's and I didn't know he meant to carry it so far. Ce n'est rien said Mr. Prince but I would like my trousers. Just then Mr. Quayle's car drew up beside them. Hello Prince! he said. How 'd you like our little mystification? Very funny said Mr. Prince acidly though a little juvenile. I suppose it didn't occur to you that it might have been a serious matter leaving me out here without either my car or my money? That 's why we came back said Mr. Quayle. We got to thinking about Indians and thunder storms and you out here with nothing to get behind or under but those whiskers—— Please give me my trousers said Mr. Prince. So Miss Merrill handed them out and he disappeared in the bushes.

They were on the road just where it turns away from the lake to curve inland around Eagle's Nest and at their left was a summer-house built out over the water. Mr. Quayle took Miss Merrill's arm and led her over and they sat down on a bench. I hope you 're satisfied said Miss Merrill. Quite said Mr. Quayle. A very colourful day. She sniffed. I guess what George says is right she said. He says all Americans are alike in being completely insensitive to nuances. Nuances! said Mr. Quayle. I thought it was glamour and excitement you were after? I 'm not after the kind of crudeness that passes for manliness with schoolboys said Miss Merrill. Quoting George? asked Mr. Quayle. Well what if I am! she snapped. It 's true. O well I got you wrong he said. If it 's the sophisticated Continental touch—hell I can be Continental too. And as Mr. Prince came up he clicked his heels bowed and said Mr. Prince I am entirely at your service.

Mr. Prince looked at him doubtfully and said I 'm afraid I hardly understand. I have played a trick on you said Mr. Quayle. I have stolen your pants and made you look silly. Under such circumstances you naturally expect an apology. I certainly do said Mr. Prince drawing himself up. And if I do not choose to apologise said Mr. Quayle I suppose there is only one alternative? Mr. Prince let himself down again. You are familiar with the duelling code? Mr. Quayle asked and when Mr. Prince nodded nervously he said Well then it is quite simple.

O Roger quit picking on George and go home said Miss Merrill. And let him take you home? exclaimed Mr. Quayle. A man who has refused to demand satisfaction for a gross insult? See here Quayle said Mr. Prince aren't you making too much of this? A duel is a serious affair. I certainly don't want to kill or injure you and I don't suppose—— O yes I do put in Mr. Quayle. Anyway you 're a duellist. You 're insulted and thirsting for my blood. Well here it is. All very easy to arrange. We just cut a couple of clubs and go into the woods together. There is an accident——

I 've had enough of this tomfoolery said Mr. Prince turning away. Forgive me Connie but I see no other way of protecting you from a continuation of this unpleasantness but to leave. And he left.

Very neat said Mr. Quayle. So you think! said Miss Merrill. Well you 've given me a whole morning of discomfort and embarrassment and if it 's going to be like that when we 're married I guess we 'll just call the whole thing off. O K said Mr. Quayle holding out his hand. Let 's have the ring. What? said Miss Merrill turning pale. The ring girl said Mr. Quayle. The engagement ring. If you can't live as dangerously and colourfully as this you 're not the wife for me. I *can* live dangerously said Miss Merrill and I won't give back your ring. O no? said Mr. Quayle and he grabbed her and pulled the ring off her finger and then he kissed her and said Well good-bye Connie. It 's been nice knowing you. And you 'd better give up this idea of getting colour into life. You 're too afraid of what people think.

I am *not*! she shouted at him. Of course you are he said and he pointed down at a family group picnicking on the shore who were staring at them. You 're embarrassed about them and you wouldn't dare jump in the lake in front of them. They might laugh. I would too! cried Miss Merrill and Mr. Quayle said Well? and waited a minute and then said Well good-bye. I guess I 'll go collect those old trousers to remember you by. Maybe I 'll have them stuffed.

But he had only gone a step when there was a splash. He turned. Miss Merrill was crawling out of the water and he gave a yell and scrambled down the rocks to the shore. He seized the dripping Miss Merrill and kissed her enthusiastically under the eyes of the amazed picnickers. Come on darling he said. We 'll go over to the fair grounds and see if they 'll let us go into the lions' cage.

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Shackleton — Green

Raymond Swinford Shackleton and Doreen Brenda Cicely Green were quietly married at St. Mary's, The Boltons. He is the late Sir Ernest and Lady Shackleton's elder son; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Green, of 5, Harley Gardens, The Boltons

Mahon — Jagger

Sir George Mahon, Bt., of Castlegar, Ahascragh, Ireland, son of the late Sir William Henry Mahon and the Hon. Lady Mahon, married Audrey Evelyn Jagger at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the only daughter of the late Dr. Walter Jagger, and Mrs. M. Coote, of 9, Harrowby Court, W.1

Hamilton — Barty-King

At St. Mark's, North Audley Street, Gavin Monteith Hamilton, son of the late James Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, of Canterbury, married Marguerite Eleanor Barty-King, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. Barty-King, of 6, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.1

Cartwright — Leigh Pemberton

Guy Valentine Cartwright, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, elder son of Major and Mrs. H. Cartwright, of 20, Denmark Avenue, Wimbledon, and Loveday Leigh Pemberton, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leigh Pemberton, of Wimbledon, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Pilch — Barton

The younger of the golfing Barton sisters was married to Reginald Sutherland Pilch, of Calcutta, and 28, Basil Street, S.W., at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. Mervyn Barton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. J. Barton, of 118, Castelnau, S.W. Her sister Pam was a bridesmaid

John Cooper Cherry, son of the late Lord Chief Justice of Ireland and Mrs. R. R. Cherry, married Doreen Ranson at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Ranson, of Malaya, and 82, Lancaster Close, W.2

Cherry — Ranson

(Continued on page D)

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(Debenhams Ltd.)

Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Staveley — Cail

William Miles Staveley and Nancy Constance Cail were married at St. Mary's, Bolton-on-Swale, Yorks. He is the son of the late Major A. G. Staveley, and Mrs. Staveley, of Sturford, Walton-by-Clevedon, Somerset. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Cail, of Elmfield Hall, Scorton, Yorkshire

Nicholson — Dawson

Rodney Scholfield Nicholson, the West Yorkshire Regiment, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Nicholson, of The Old House, Freshford, and Leta Emily Dawson, twin daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. F. S. Dawson, of Quetta, India, were married at Emmanuel Church, Plymouth

Harvey — Johnstone

Allan Richard Gourlay Harvey and Grace Elaine Johnstone were married at Holy Trinity, Hawley, Hants. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Gourlay Harvey, of Dungells, Yateley, Hants.; she is the only daughter of the late Major J. H. W. Johnstone, R.F.A., and Mrs. Johnstone, of The Wood, Blackwater, Hants

Davies — Grime

Richard Geoffrey Davies, of Woodford, Cheshire, managing director of Messrs. Samuel Marsden and Sons, Ltd., of Manchester, married Betty Grime at Lytham Parish Church. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grime, of The Cove, Fairhaven, Lancs.

Hickie — Phillips

Capt. William Shamus Hickie, the East Yorkshire Regiment, only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. J. Hickie, of Slevyre, Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary, married Pauline Mary Phillips at Cathedral Ajmer, Rajputana. She is the only daughter of Mr. A. G. Phillips, Inspector-General Police, Ajmer-Merwara, and Mrs. Phillips

Wolverson — Barnes

Robert Archibald Wolverson, younger son of the late Dr. J. A. Wolverson, of Wolverhampton, and Isabel Barnes, daughter of the late Frederick William Barnes and Mrs. Barnes, of Whitethorn, Prestwood, Great Missenden, Bucks., were married at Prestwood, Bucks

Parsons — Rathbone

Andrew F. W. Parsons, elder son of the Bishop of Southwark and Mrs. Parsons, and Alice Jocelyn Rathbone were married at St. Mary's, Wimbledon, by the bridegroom's father. The bride is the daughter of the late H. R. Rathbone, former Mayor of Liverpool, and Mrs. Rathbone, of Murray Cross, Wimbledon

Arfwedson — Kimber

It was a Swedish-British wedding at St. George's, Bickley, Kent, between Claes Arfwedson, son of Mr. Jacques Arfwedson, Court Chancellor to the King of Sweden, and Mrs. Arfwedson, and Betty Kimber, daughter of Mr. Hugh Kimber, great-granddaughter of the late Sir George Williams, founder of the Y.M.C.A.

Chaytor — Woodall

Edward Drewett Chaytor, West Yorkshire Regiment, son of the late Alfred Chaytor, K.C., and Mrs. Chaytor, of The Hall, Croft, Yorks., and Mary Monica Woodall were married at Salisbury Cathedral. The bride's parents are Canon and Mrs. T. J. Woodall, of The Close, Salisbury

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Jumper 29/6
Cardigan 35/9

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Jumper 29/6
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Woollands

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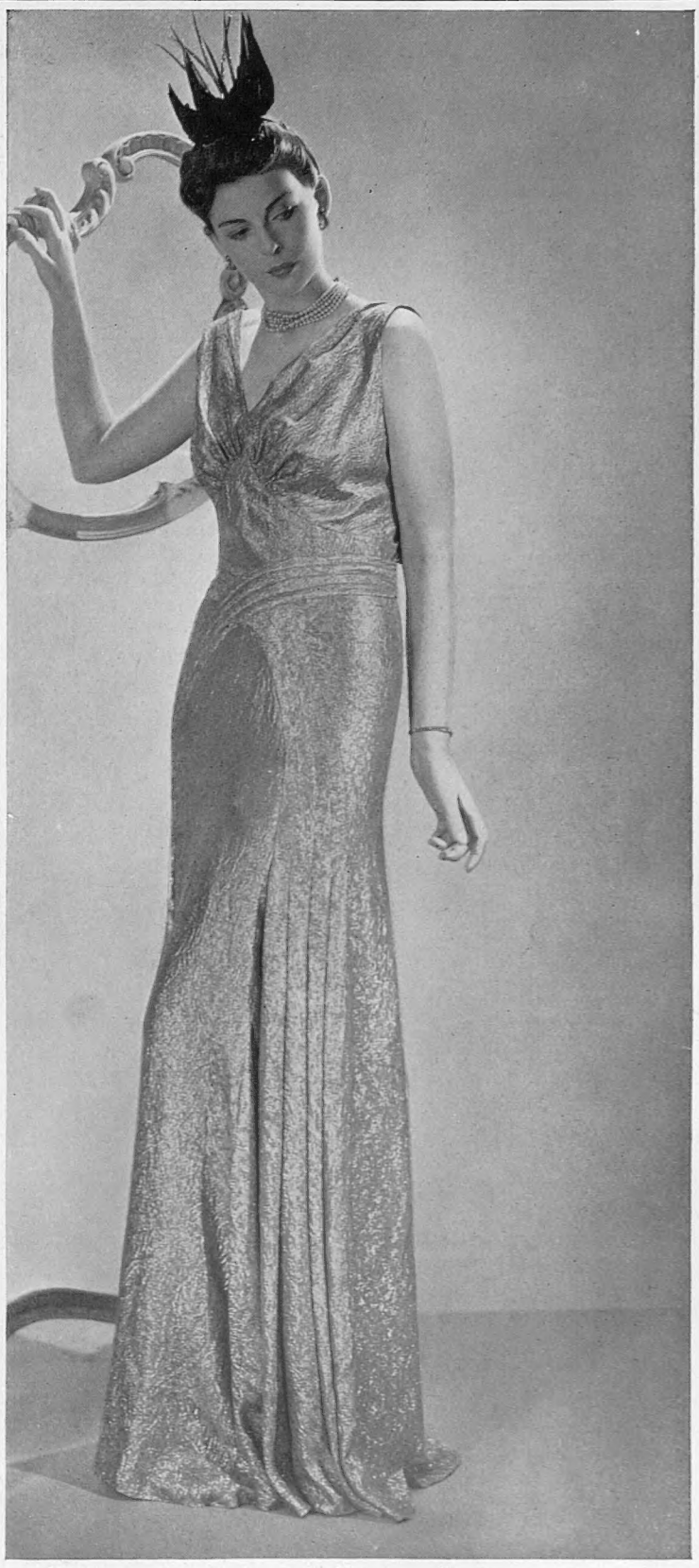

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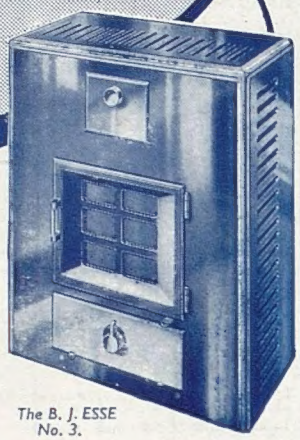

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